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THE

VOCAL LYRE,

A

COLLECTION

OF

POPULAR SONGS.

Sing, boy; my spirits grow heavy.
Shakspeare.

New-York:

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THE

VOCAL LYRE.

HERE'S THE BOWER.

HERE's the bower she loved so much,
  And here's the tree she planted;
Here's the harp she used to touch,
  Oh! how that touch enchanted!
Roses now unheeded sigh,
  Where's the hand to wreath them?
Songs around neglected lie,
  Where's the lip to breathe them?

Spring may bloom, but she we loved
  Ne'er shall feel its sweetness;
Time, that once so fleetly moved,
  Now hath lost its fleetness.
Years were days when here she stray'd,
  Days were moments near her;
Heaven ne'er formed a brighter maid,
  Nor pity wept a dearer.

THE HARP THAT ONCE,

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
  The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
  As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,
  So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
  Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
  The harp of Tara swells,
The chord, alone, that breaks at night
  Its tale of ruin tells.
So Freedom now so seldom wakes,
  The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
  To show that still she lives.

T. MOORE.

IN DEATH'S TERRIFIC ICY ARMS.

In death's terrific icy arms
  The brave illustrious Nelson lies;
He's free from care and war's alarms,
  Sees not our tears, nor hears our cries.

Cold is the heart where valour reign'd,
  Mute is the tongue that joy inspired,
Still is the arm that victory gain'd,
  And dim the eye that glory fired.

Too mean for him a world like this,
  He's landed on that happy shore,
Where all the brave partake of bliss,
  And heroes meet to part no more.

HON. C. J. FOX.

SINCE THE FIRST DAWN.

Since the first dawn of reason that beam'd on my mind,
  And taught me how favour'd by fortune my lot,
To share that good fortune I still was inclined,
  And impart to who wanted what I wanted not.

'Tis a maxim entitled to every one's praise,
When a man feels distress, like a man to relieve him,
And my motto, though simple, means more than it says,
May we ne'er want a friend, nor a bottle to give him.

The heart by deceit or ingratitude rent,
Or by poverty bow'd, though of evils the least,
The smile of a friend may invite to content,
And we all know content is an excellent feast.
'Tis a maxim entitled to every one's praise,
When a man feels distress, like a man to relieve him,
And my motto, though simple, &c.

DIBBIN.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

Forbid it, kind Heaven, that my parent should sigh,
While I can sell flowers in the street;
My poor little sister too surely would die,
Did I cease to procure them some meat.
Then buy my sweet flowers, and shield us from sorrow,
What I earn to-day we must live on to-morrow.

Ah! had not my father been killed in the war,
And left us both friendless and poor,
I should not thus wander with flowers so far,
And cry them at every door.
Then buy my sweet flowers, &c.

My mother, alas! since my father is dead,
Is almost deprived of her sight,
And I, for my sister and her to get bread,
Cull flowers as soon as 'tis light.
Then buy my sweet flowers, &c.

WHEN LOVELY WOMAN.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can sooth her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only way her guilt to cover,
  To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
  And wring his bosom, is—to die.

GOLDSMITH.

DIOGENES, SURLY AND PROUD.

Diogenes, surly and proud,
  Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,
Delighted in wine that was good,
  Because in good wine there was truth:
But growing as poor as a Job,
  Unable to purchase a flask,
He chose for his mansion a tub,
  And lived by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus ne'er would deny
  A bumper to cherish his heart;
And when he was maudlin would cry,
  Because he had emptied his quart.
Though some are so foolish to think
  He wept at men's follies and vice,
'Twas only his custom to drink
  Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
  To tipple and cherish his soul;
Would laugh like a man that was mad,
  When over a good flowing bowl.
As long as his cellar was stored,
  The liquor he'd merrily quaff;
And when he was drunk as a lord,
  At them that were sober he'd laugh.

Wise Solon, who carefully gave
  Good laws unto Athens of old,
And thought the rich Crœsus a slave,
  Though a king, to his coffers of gold,

He delighted in plentiful bowls;
  But, drinking, much talk would decline,
Because 'twas the custom of fools
  To prattle much over their wine.

Old Socrates ne'er was content
  Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,
Who in's cups to the oracle went,
  Or he ne'er had been counted so wise.
Late hours he most certainly loved;
  Made wine the delight of his life;
Or Xantippe would never have proved
  Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Grave Seneca, famed for his parts,
  Who tutor'd the bully of Rome,
Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
  Which he drank like a miser at home;
And, to show he loved wine that was good,
  (To the last we may truly aver it,)
He tinctured his bath with his blood,
  So fancied he died in his claret.

Pythagoras did silence enjoin
  On his pupils who wisdom would seek,
Because that he tippled good wine,
  Till himself was unable to speak:
And when he was whimsical grown,
  With sipping his plentiful bowls,
By the strength of the juice in his crown,
  He conceiv'd transmigration of souls.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
  Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
And thought that a cup of the best
  Made reason the brighter to shine;
With wine he replenish'd his veins,
  And made his philosophy reel;
Then fancied the world, like his brains,
  Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
  Had been but a dunce without wine,
And what we ascribe to his parts
  Is due to the juice of the vine.
His belly, as most writers agree,
  Was big as a watering trough;
He therefore leap'd into the sea,
  Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
  He fondly to wisdom was prone;
But had it not been for good wine,
  His merits had never been known.
By wine we are generous made,
  It furnishes fancy with wings;
Without it we ne'er should have had
  Philosophers, poets, or kings.

SWEET SEDUCER.

Sweet seducer, blandly smiling,
Charming still, and still beguiling,
Oft I swore to love thee never,
Yet I love thee more than ever.

Why that little wanton blushing,
Glancing eye, and bosom flushing?
Flushing, warm, and wily glancing,
All is lovely, all entrancing!

Turn away those lips of blisses,
I am poison'd by thy kisses:
Yet again, ah! turn them to me,
Ruin's sweet when they undo me!

Oh! be less, be less enchanting,
Let some little grace be wanting;
Let my eyes, when I'm expiring,
Gaze awhile, without admiring.

T. MOORE.

OLD MARY, HER POOR HUSBAND.

Old Mary, her poor husband dead,
  And buried but a week;
Tir'd of her fate, with hobbling gait,
  The parson went to seek.

"I'll tell you, sir," says she, "the truth,
  My poor man's dead and gone,
Our servant John's a comely youth,—
  Ought I to marry John?"

The parson cried, who quickly knew
  She'd not his counsel hear,
"The proverb tells you what to do,
  This knotty point to clear.

    "As the fool thinks,
    So the bell tinks:
  So when the bell shall ring anon,
Take care you don't mistake the sound;
They'll tell you, as the peal goes round,
  If you should marry John."

Now Mary listens to each bell,
  "Hey! that's a knell that toll'd;
'Tis not for me, thank Heaven! well, well,
  I'm not yet quite so old.

"But of a burying should you think,
  They say a wedding's near;
I hope the bells will sweetly tink,
  That I should wed my dear."

At length the ringers rouse her hopes,
  And all her senses charm;
And as they singly pull the ropes,
  Her aged blood gets warm:

    But as the fool thinks,
    So the bell tinks:

And now the sprightly peal comes on,
While Mary, as they tug away,
Cries, "Lovely bells, how plain they say,
'Do, Mary, marry John.'"

Now at both ends the candle's burn'd,
She's beggar'd to a souse;
Each thing is topsyturvy turn'd,
Out of the window goes the house.

"I cannot this distress survive;
What scandal and disgrace!
Would my first husband were alive,
Or I were in his place.

"A curse upon the fatal day
I listen'd to the bells,
That took my reason quite away,
Just like so many spells;

"But as the fool thinks,
So the bell tinks:
Why, what must I be thinking on,
To fancy as they rang away,
The bells so stupid were to say
That I should marry John?"

Straight to the parson Mary goes,
And thickly lays it on:
"You are the cause of all my woes;
You married me to John."

"Nay, nay, to lay the blame on me,
Good Mary, is unkind;
I never yet advis'd the sea,
A woman, or the wind.

"Hark, hark, the bells are ringing now!
They sound with might and main;
I what they say can hear—Canst thou?"
"I hear 'em, sir, too plain:

"But as the fool thinks,
So the bell tinks:
But folly 'twas that set me on,
Intent upon my foolish freak:
They cry, as plain as they can speak,
'Don't, Mary, marry John.'"

THAT MAN WHO, FOR LIFE.

That man who, for life, is bless'd in a wife
Is sure in a happy condition:
Go things how they will, she sticks by him still;
She's comforter, friend, and physician.

Pray where is the joy to trifle and toy,
Yet dread some disaster from beauty?
But sweet is the bliss of a conjugal kiss,
Where love mingles pleasure with duty.

One extravagant whore shall cost a man more
Than twenty good wives that are saving; [share:
For wives they will spare, that their children may
But jades are eternally craving.

THE MAN WHO, FOR LIFE.

The man who, for life, is plagued with a wife
Is sure in a wretched condition:
Go things how they will, she sticks by him still,
And death is his only physician.

To trifle and toy may give a man joy,
Incited by love or by beauty;
But where is the bliss of a conjugal kiss,
When passion is prompted by duty?

So the dog who possess'd a bone of the best
May lick it, or leave it at pleasure;
But if to his tail it is tied, without fail,
He is harass'd and plagued beyond measure.

GOOD PEOPLE, ATTEND.

Good people, attend to my lay;
I sing of a late inundation,
That had like to have carried away
All the wigs and long robes in the nation:
While thinking of no harm at all,
But a few wretched people's undoing,
Father Thames enter'd Westminster Hall,
Threatening all law and justice with ruin.
But let not their terrors these lawyers confound;
The old proverb decrees they can never be drown'd.

Of the fright universal it spread
Conception can ne'er form a notion;
Wigs bristled upright on each head,
And counsellors stood without motion:
The tide, that for no man will stay,
While the clamour grew louder and louder,
From every tiewig wash'd away
Common sense, with the curls and the powder:
But why thus should water these lawyers confound,
When the proverb decrees they can never be drown'd?

Cries one, They're found out in their tricks,
No wonder they put such despair on;
They fancy the Thames is the Styx,
And each old crazy waterman Charon:
That they'll soon before Minos be brought,
Where nought avails twisting and turning,
And where they'll in this case be taught
That drowning's an alias for burning;
Yet at no rate should water these lawyers confound;
They may burn, to be sure, but they cannot be drown'd.

And now, by the current press'd hard,
Each scrambles to enter some boat in,
While, scatter'd all o'er Palace Yard,
Wigs, briefs, and long robes are seen floating.

In this chaos of justice, thieves, clerks,
Jews, counsel, the boats are all trimming;
While a sailor cries, Dam'me these sharks
Are your finest of fishes for swimming:
Then why should their terrors these lawyers confound,
When, whatever awaits them, they cannot be drown'd?

At length, safe arrived from the storm,
Without fate or fortune once thanking,
They swore that the city, next term,
They'd endite, for the Thames not embanking;
That the wind that blew nobody good
Was an ill one—thus parted these brothers;
And, themselves scarce escap'd from the flood,
Went home to brew mischief for others,
And furnish a laugh for the public all round,
That they should fear water who cannot be drown'd.

DIBDIN.

I SAW THE VIRTUOUS MAN.

From Camoëns.

I saw the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumber'd woes;
And he was poor—without a friend,
Press'd by a thousand foes.

I saw the passion's pliant slave,
In gallant time and gay;
His course was pleasure's placid wave,
His life a summer's day.

And I was caught in folly's snare,
And join'd her giddy train—
But found her soon the nurse of care,
And punishment, and pain.

There surely is some guiding power,
Which rightly suffers wrong,
Gives vice to bloom its little hour,
But virtue late and long.

LORD STRANGFORD.

THE MAD DOG.

He ran to the farm yard, and there bit a hog,
That in less than ten minutes bark'd just like a dog;
The hog bit a horse that was just come from hunting,
And presently after the horse fell a grunting;
Such grunting and barking, and barking and grunting,
And grunting and barking, and barking and grunting,
The village will never have done with the talk on't,
Though the wisest man there cannot make hog or dog on't.

A fine brindled cow near a hay-stack was straying,
Which, bit by the horse, was soon after heard neighing;
The cow bit a man, who was driving his plough,
When he walk'd on all fours, and low'd just like the cow.
Such lowing and neighing, and barking and lowing,
And grunting and barking, and neighing and lowing,
The village will never have done with the talk on't,
Though the wisest man there cannot make hog or dog on't.

The man bit a jackass, which soon after ran
Half a mile on two legs, and talk'd just like the man;
The jackass encounter'd a sheep in his way,
And 'tis not to be mention'd how loud he did bray.
Such braying and talking, and talking and braying,
And barking and grunting, and lowing and neighing,
The village will never have done with the talk on't,
Though the wisest man there cannot make hog or dog on't.

The sheep bit a wolf, which was soon heard to bleat;
The wolf more dumb things than I've time to repeat;
But the worst that was bit was, alas! my poor wench!
Heaven keep us, I say, from mad dogs and the French!

Such bleating and talking, and barking and braying,
And grunting and bleating, and lowing and neighing,
The village will never have done with the talk on't,
Though the wisest man there cannot make hog or dog on't.

DIBDIN.

TOM TACKLE WAS NOBLE.

Tom Tackle was noble, was true to his word,
If merit bought titles, Tom might be a lord;
How gayly his bark through Life's ocean would sail,
Truth furnish'd the rigging, and Honour the gale.
Yet Tom had a failing, if ever man had,
That, good as he was, made him all that was bad;
He was paltry and pitiful, scurvy and mean,
And the snivelingest scoundrel that ever was seen:
For so said the girls, and the landlords 'long shore;
Would you know what his fault was—Tom Tackle was poor!

'Twas once on a time, when we took a galleon,
And the crew touch'd the agent for cash to some tune,
Tom a trip took to gaol, an old messmate to free,
And four thankful prattlers soon sat on his knee:
Then Tom was an angel, downright from heav'n sent!
While they'd hands he his goodness should never repent;—
Return'd from next voyage, he bemoan'd his sad case,
To find his dear friend shut the door in his face!
Why, d'ye wonder? cried one, you're serv'd right, to be sure;
Once Tom Tackle was rich—now Tom Tackle is poor!

I be'nt, you see, versed in high maxims and sich,
But don't this same honour concern poor and rich?
If it don't come from good hearts, I can't see where from,
And if e'er tar had a good heart, dam'me 'twas Tom.

Yet, somehow or another, Tom never did right;
None knew better the time when to spare or to fight:
He, by finding a leak, once preserv'd crew and ship,
Sav'd the Commodore's life—then he made such rare flip!
And yet for all this no one Tom could endure;
I fancies as how 'twas—because he was poor.

At last an old shipmate, that Tom might hail land,
Who saw that his heart sail'd too fast for his hand,
In the riding of Comfort a mooring to find,
Reef'd the sails of Tom's fortune, that shook in the wind;
He gave him enough through Life's ocean to steer,
Be the breeze what it might, steady, thus, or no near;
His pittance is daily, and yet Tom imparts
What he can to his friends—And may all honest hearts,
Like Tom Tackle, have what keeps the wolf from the door;
Just enough to be generous—too much to be poor.

DIBDIN.

OLD TOWLER.

Bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
And spangles deck the thorn;
The lowing herds now quit the lawn,
The lark springs from the corn.
Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng,
Fleet Towler leads the cry;
Arise, the burden of their song—
This day a stag must die!
With a hey, ho, chivey!
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy, &c.

The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail;
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
The dogs snuff up the gale;

The upland winds they sweep along,
  O'er fields, through brakes they fly;
The game is rous'd, too true the song—
  This day a stag must die!
With a hey, ho, &c.

Poor stag! the dogs thy haunches gore,
  The tears run down thy face:
The huntsman's pleasure is no more:
  His joys were in the chase:
Alike the sportsman of the town,
  The virgin game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
  Then they in turn pursue.
With a hey, ho, &c.

O'KEEFE.

HONEST TOM.

The wind was hush'd, the fleecy wave
Scarcely the vessel's sides could lave,
When in the mizen-top his stand
Tom Clueline taking, spied the land.
Oh sweet reward for all his toil!
Once more he views his native soil,
Once more he thanks indulgent fate,
That brings him to his bonny Kate.

Soft as the sighs of Zephyr flow,
Tender and plaintive as her wo,
Serene was the attentive eve
That heard Tom's bonny Kitty grieve.
"Oh, what avails," cried she, "my pain?
He's swallow'd in the greedy main:
Ah, never shall I welcome home,
With tender joy, my honest Tom!"

Now high upon the faithful shroud,
The land awhile that seem'd a cloud,
While objects from the mist arise,
A feast present Tom's longing eyes.
A riband, near his heart which lay,
Now see him on his hat display,
The given sign to show that fate
Had brought him safe to bonny Kate.

Near to a cliff, whose heights command
A prospect of the shelly strand,
While Kitty fate and fortune blam'd,
Sudden with rapture she exclaim'd,
"But see, Oh Heaven! a ship in view,
My Tom appears among the crew;
The pledge he swore to bring safe home
Streams in his hat—'tis honest Tom!"

What now remains were easy told:
Tom comes, his pockets lin'd with gold,
Now rich enough no more to roam,
To serve his king, he stays at home;
Recounts each toil, and shows each scar;
While Kitty and her constant tar,
With reverence teach to bless their fates
Young honest Toms and bonny Kates.

DIBDIN

O NANCY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME.

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer dress'd in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O, can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! canst thou love so true
Through perils keen with me to go,
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of wo?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when, at last, thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear;
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

PERCY.

SAY, FLUTTERING HEART.

Say, fluttering heart,
Why, after days of sweet delight,
Where conscious innocence bore part,
Serene as smiling morn, peaceful as silver night,
Or gay as gaudy noon, when Phœbus' beam shone bright:

Say, how one hour,
One little instant could remove
That vacant careless joy? what power
Inflict the torments we now prove;
Cynthia forbid it ever should be love.

Dear goddess, for fair honour's sake,
Relieve the torments we partake!
Teach us to cure our amorous fires,
Or else permit us our desires.

And this with zealous care perform,
Swift as the wind that rules the storm;
Swift as the glowing god of day
Darts from afar a downward ray;
And so shall votaries to thy praise
A thousand, thousand altars raise.

DIBDIN.

NOBLE BETTY.

O LET us swim in blood of grapes,
The richest of the city,
And solemnize upon our knees
A health to noble Betty.

The muses, with the milk of queens,
Have fed this comely creature,
That she's become a princely dame,
A miracle of nature.

The graces all, both great and small,
Were not by half so pretty;
The queen of love, that reigns above,
Could not compare with Betty.

Had David seen this lovely one,
No sin he had committed;
He had not lain with Bathsheba,
Nor slain the valiant Hittite.

Had Solomon, Heaven's minion,
  View'd her perfections over,
Then Sheba's queen rejected had been,
  Though clad with gold of Ophir.

The Dons of Spain, could they obtain
  This magazine of pleasure;
They'd never go to Mexico,
  For all its Indian treasure.

The Christian king would dance and sing,
  To have her at his pleasure;
And would confine great Mazarine
  Within the banks of Tiber.

The Turk, for all his great empire,
  Would prostrate him before her;
He would lay down his golden crown,
  And goddess-like adore her.

Her eyes are full of majesty,
  None but a prince can own her;
She's fitted for an emperor,
  A diadem must crown her.

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
  Though they return with scars;
These are the noble hero's lot,
  Obtain'd in glorious wars:
Welcome, my Varo, to my breast,
  Thy arms about me twine;
And make me once again as bless'd
  As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us, on each bough,
  A thousand Cupids play;
Whilst through the groves I walk with you,
  Each object makes me gay:

Since your return the sun and moon
  With brighter beams do shine,
Streams murmur softly while they run,
  As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state;
  Let that to their share fall,
Who can esteem such slavery great,
  While bounded like a ball:
But, sunk in love, upon my arms
  Let your brave head recline;
We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
  As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
  You may pursue the chase,
And, after a blithe bottle, end
  All cares in my embrace:
And, in a vacant rainy day,
  You shall be wholly mine;
We'll make the hours run smooth away,
  And laugh at lang syne.

The hero, pleased with the sweet air
  And signs of generous love,
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
  Bowed to the powers above:
Next day, with glad consent and haste,
  They 'proach'd the sacred shrine,
Where the good priest the couple bless'd,
  And put them out of time.

LOONEY MACTWOLTER.

O, WHACK! Cupid's a mannikin;
  Smack on my heart he hit me a polter.
Good lack, Judy O'Flannikin!
  Dearly she loves nate Looney Mactwolter.

Judy's my darling, my kisses she suffers;
She's an heiress, that's clear,
For her father sells beer;
He keeps the sign of the cow and the snuffers.
She's so smart,
From my heart
I cannot bolt her.
Oh, whack, Judy O'Flannikin!
She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.
Oh, whack, &c.

Oh, hone! good news, I need a bit!
We'd correspond, but larning would choke her.
Mavrone!—I cannot read a bit;
Judy can't tell a pen from a poker
Judy's so constant, I'll never forsake her;
She's true as the moon;—
Only one afternoon
I caught her asleep with a humpback shoemaker.
Oh, she's so smart, &c.

COLMAN.

WITH AN HONEST OLD FRIEND.

With an honest old friend, and a merry old song,
And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long,
And laugh at the malice of those who repine,
That they must swig porter, whilst I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, though ever so great,
Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate:
But what I abhor, and esteem as a curse,
Is poorness of spirit, not poorness in purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,
Let's merrily pass life's remainder away:
Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise,
For the more we are envied the higher we rise.

H. CARRY.

I KNOW A BANK.

I KNOW a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine;
There sleeps Titania some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight.

SHAKSPEARE.

SPORTSMEN WHO ARE STANCH.

SPORTSMEN who are stanch and true,
Ne'er the timid hare pursue;
Quivering, quaking,
Shivering, shaking,
Trembling, tottering in her flight,—
She their pity would excite.

But who a badger set at bay
Wishes not to make his prey?
Where's the heart compassion shocks
To ensnare the subtle fox?
Come on, then, and partake the spoils,
Cunning Reynard's in the toils.

Sly and artful I'll prepare
For my madam such a snare,
So close and cunning a wifegin,
With her eyes open she'll run in;
'Ware haunches, Juno, for I'll follow
Hard at your heels with a view hollow!

DIBDIN.

DULCE DOMUM.

Deep in a vale a cottage stood,
  Oft sought by travellers weary,
And oft it prov'd the bless'd abode
  Of Edward and of Mary.
For her he'd chase the mountain goat,
  O'er Alps and Glaciers bounding;
For her the chamois he would shoot,
  Dark horrors all surrounding;
But evening come, he sought his home,
  While, anxious, lovely woman,
She hail'd the sight, and every night,
    The cottage rung,
    As they sung,
  Oh! Dulce, dulce Domum!

But soon, alas! this scene of bliss
  Was changed to prospects dreary;
For war and honour rous'd each Swiss,
  And Edward left his Mary.
To bold St. Gothard's height he rush'd,
  'Gainst Gallia's force contending,
And, by unequal numbers crush'd,
  He died his land defending.
The evening comes, he sought not home,
  Whilst she (distracted woman,)
Grown wild with dread, now seeks him dead,
    And hears the knell,
    That bids farewell
  To Dulce, dulce Domum. REYNOLDS.

YOU MAY DO AS YOU WILL.

You may do as you will, but I'll fling away care,
I'll sport with the swains, and I'll toy with the fair;
For joys yet unknown I may find springing there.
    And 'tis better by half
    Love and nectar to quaff:
All the days of my life thus I'll frolic and laugh.

Till lately there lived not so wretched an elf;
I tended my flocks, and sought nothing but pelf,
Cared little for others, but much for myself.
But 'tis better by half, &c.

But wishes for more are all foolish and vain,
And thought for to-morrow brings nothing but pain:
Enjoying to-day I shall find the best gain;
For 'tis better by half, &c.

Come over to me, all ye gay blooming throng,
And take it, the way to be bless'd the year long
Is to welcome sweet love, wine, and soul-cheering song
And 'tis better by half, &c.

Then Care, with his wrinkles, I give to the wind;
To mirth from this moment my heart is inclined;
I'm sure of my bliss, for the nymphs will be kind.
More happy by half, &c.

LOVE'S A TYRANT.

That Love's a tyrant I can prove,
For I, alas! am now its slave;
Yet glad would I those chains remove,
And fearless all his mandates brave.
For the urchin will vex me,
Torment and perplex me,
And, ah! 'tis useless to complain.
Though love is teasing,
'Tis also pleasing,
And pleasure yields as well as pain.

Amelia daily grows more fair,
Yet still she does not kinder prove;
I sigh and pine, and, in despair,
Resolve to think no more of love.
For the urchin, &c.

TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him too.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and truehearted,
His Poll was kind and fair;
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When he who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd;
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

DIBDIN.

WHAT IS GLORY? WHAT IS FAME?

WHAT is glory? what is fame?
That a shadow, this a name,
Restless mortals to deceive.
Are they renown'd, can they be great,
Who hurl their fellow-creatures' fate,
That mothers, children, wives may grieve?

Ask smiling honour to proclaim
What is glory? what is fame?
Hark! the glad mandate strikes the listening ear;
"The truest glory to the bosom dear
Is when the soul starts soft compassion's tear."

What are riches, pomp, and power?
Gewgaws that endure their hour,
Wretched mortals to allure.
Can greatness reach the idly vain,
Indulging in the princely fane,
Deaf to the miseries of the poor?
Ask smiling reason to proclaim
What is glory? what is fame?
Hark! the sweet mandate strikes the listening ear;
"The truest glory to the bosom dear
Is when the soul starts soft compassion's tear."

DIBDIN.

YOU MEANER BEAUTIES.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfie our eies,
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the moon shall rise?

Ye violets that first appeare,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the yeare,
As if the spring were all your own;
What are you when the rose is blown?

Ye curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's layes,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents: what's your praise,
When Philomell her voyce shall raise?

So when my mistris shal be seene
In sweetnesse of her looks and minde,
By virtue first, then choyce a queen;
Tell me, if she was not design'd
The eclypse and glory of her kind?

SIR H. WOOTTON.

MEG OF WAPPING.

'Twas Landlady Meg, that made such rare flip,
Pull away, pull away, hearties!
At Wapping she lived, at the sign of the ship,
Where tars meet in such jolly parties.
She'd shine at the play, and she'd jig at the ball,
All rigg'd out so gay and so topping;
For she married six husbands, and buried them all,
Pull away, pull away, pull away,
I say,
What d'ye think of my Meg of Wapping?

The first was Old Bluff, with a swinging large purse;
Pull away, pull away, jolly boys!
He was cast away;—said Meg, who cares a curse?
As for grieving, why, Lord, that's a folly, boys.
The second in command was blear-eyed Ned:
While the surgeon his limb was a lopping,
A nine-pounder came, and smack went his head,
Pull away, pull away, pull away,
I say;
Rare news for my Meg of Wapping!

Then she married to Sam, and Sam loved a sup;
Pull away, pull away, brother!
So groggy Sam got, and the ship blew up,
And Meg had to look for another.

The fourth was bold Ben, who at danger would smile,
Till his courage a crocodile stopping,
Made his breakfast on Ben, on the banks of the Nile,
Pull away, pull away, pull away,
I say;
What a fortunate Meg of Wapping!

Stay, who was the fifth? Oh, 'twas Dick so neat,
Pull away, pull away, so merry!
And the savages Dick both kill'd and eat,
And poor Meg she was forced to take Jerry.
Death again stood her friend; for, kill'd in a fray,
He also the grave chanced to pop in;
So now with my song I shall soon belay,
Pull away, pull away, pull away,
Belay
The six husbands of Meg of Wapping.

But I did not tell you how that she married seven;
Pull away, pull away, so neatly!
'Twas honest Tom Trip, and he sent her to heaven,
And her strong box rummaged sweetly:
For Meg, growing old, a fond dotard proved,
And must after a boy needs be hopping; [loved,
So she popp'd off—and Tom, with the girl that he
Pull away, pull away, pull away,
I say,
Spent the shiners of Meg of Wapping. DIBDIN.

WHAT IS LOVE?

What is love? an idle passion;
Sage advisers call it so:
Can I treat it in their fashion?
Honest nature answers, No.

Wise ones, cease; in vain your preaching;
Age has turn'd your hearts to snow;
Can I profit by your teaching?
Honest nature answers, No.

CUMBERLAND.

ENGLAND'S TREE OF LIBERTY.

When Freedom knew not where to rove,
From conquer'd Greece and groaning Rome,
At random driven like Noah's dove,
Without a shelter or a home:
The expanded world she view'd, where best
She might repose her weary foot;
Saw this our isle, set up her rest,
And bade the spreading oak take root;
Bade it adorn the land, and be
Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

Thus spoke the goddess:—This fair tree,
The towering forest's kingly boast,—
Let my behests kept sacred be.
This tree shall guard your seagirt coast.
Freedom's behests are these:—To know
No faction, no cabal, no cause,
From whose pestiferous breath may grow
Aught 'gainst the monarch or the laws;
Keep sacred these, the oak shall be
Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

Its friendly arms that, on their way,
Those succour who its aid employ,
A faithful portrait shall display
Of England's hospitable shore;
Of England's courage this fair tree,
A great example to impart,
To succour law and liberty,
Shall make a rampart of its heart:
Hail, sacred oak! then deign to be
Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

Then catch the enthusiastic strain,
Hail, freedom's tree in fervent hymns,
That freely, on the awful main,
Launches in Britain's cause its limbs;

That mighty walls and bulwarks forms,
  Whence England's thunder shall be hurl'd,
And, spite of battles and of storms,
  That bears our commerce through the world:
    Hail, freedom's shrine! still deign to be
    Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

DIBBIN.

A CLERK I WAS.

A Clerk I was in London gay,
  Jemmy linkum feedle,
And went in boots to see the play,
  Merry fiddlem tweedle.
I march'd the lobby, twirl'd my stick,
  Diddle, daddle, deedle;
The girls all cried, He's quite the kick!
  O Jemmy linkum feedle.

Hey, for America I sail,
  Yankee doodle deedle,
The sailor boys cried, Smoke his tail!
  Jemmy linkum feedle.
On English belles I turn'd my back,
  Diddle, daddle, deedle,
And got a foreign fair quite black,
  Oh, twaddle, twaddle, tweedle!

Your London girls, with roguish trip,
  Wheedle, wheedle, wheedle,
Boast their pouting under lip,
  Fiddle, faddle, feedle.
My Wows would beat a hundred such,
  Diddle, daddle, deedle,
Whose under lip pouts twice as much,
  Oh, pretty double wheedle!

Rings I'll buy to deck her toes,
  Jemmy linkum feedle;
A feather fine shall grace her nose,
  Waving sidle seedle.
With jealousy I ne'er shall burst;
  Who'd steal my bone of bone-a?
A white Othello, I can trust
  A dingy Desdemona.

COLMAN.

CAPTAIN WATTLE AND MISS ROE.

Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle?
He was all for love and a little for the bottle.
We know not, though pains we've taken to inquire,
If gunpowder he invented, or the Thames set on fire,
If to him was the centre of gravity known,
The longitude, or the philosopher's stone,
Or whether he studied from Bacon or Boyle,
Copernicus, Locke, Katerfelto, or Hoyle;
But this we have learnt with great labour and pain,
That he loved Miss Roe, and she loved him again.

Than sweet Miss Roe none ever looked fiercer;
She had but one eye, but that was a piercer.
We know not, for certainty, her education,
If she wrote, mended stockings, or settled the nation.
At cards if she liked whist, and swabbers or voles;
Or at dinner loved pig, or a steak on the coals;
Whether most of the Sappho she was or Thalestris;
Or if dancing was taught her by Hopkins or Vestris;
But, for your satisfaction, this good news we obtain,
That she loved Captain Wattle, and he loved her again.

When wedded, he became lord and master, depend on't;
He had but one leg, but he'd a foot at the end on't,
Which, of government when she would fain hold the bridle,
He took special caution should never lie idle;

So, like most married folks, 'twas my plague and my chicken,
And sometimes a kissing, and sometimes a kicking;
Then for comfort a cordial she'd now and then try,
Alternately bunging or piping her eye;
And these facts of this couple the history contain,
For when he kick'd Miss Roe she kick'd him again.

DIBDIN.

A SAILOR'S LIFE.

The wind blew hard, the sea ran high,
The dingy scud drove 'cross the sky,
All was safe lash'd, the bowl was slung,
When careless thus Ned Haulyard sung:
A sailor's life's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily;
If winds can whistle, he can sing,
Still faithful to his friend and king;
He gets beloved by all the ship,
And toasts his girl, and drinks his flip.

Down topsails, boys, the gale comes on;
To strike top gallant yards they run;
And now to hand the sail prepared,
Ned cheerful sings upon the yard;
A sailor's life, &c.

A leak, a leak! come, lads, be bold,
There's five foot water in the hold;
Eager on deck see Haulyard jump,
And hark, while working at the pump;
A sailor's life, &c.

And see! the vessel nought can save,
She strikes, and finds a watery grave!
Yet Ned preserved, with a few more,
Sings, as he treads a foreign shore;
A sailor's life, &c.

And now—unnumber'd perils past,
On land as well as sea—at last,
In tatters to his Poll at home,
See honest Haulyard singing come;
A sailor's life, &c.

Yet for poor Haulyard what disgrace,
Poll swears she never saw his face;
He damns her for a faithless she,
And singing goes again to sea;
A sailor's life, &c.

DIBDIN.

KNOWING JOEY.

I WAS call'd knowing Joey by the lads of our town,
Old dad taught me wisely to know folk;
Gad! I was so *cute*, when they laughing came down,
I ax'd, how d'ye do? to the show folk.
Says I, how d'ye do? to the players. [*In recitative.*
I could chant a good stave—that I knows very well;
No boy of my age could talk louder;
Crack a joke, tip the wink, or a droll story tell;
Of my cleverness sure none were prouder;
So thinks I, it's better nor following of plough
To try with these youths to queer low folk;
Their master I met, and I made a low bow—

Spoken.] "How d'ye do, Zir? I been main happy to see you down in our parts. We shall be prime merry now you be comed. Have some notion of turning stage actor myself." "Stage actor! you! you muffin-faced son of a tee-to-tum!" said he, "you could play nothing but a fool." "I doant know but what I mought," said I; "for I have been trying at it all my lifetime."

I'd a place just to join wi' the show folk.

The place that I got I determined to keep,
  But, adzookers! they were all so drollish,
Kings, cobblers, and tailors, a prince, or a sweep;
  And they jaw'd so at I, I look'd foolish.
Their daggers and their swords they handled so cute,
  And their ladies were all so bewitching,
When I thought to talk droll I was always struck mute
  As t' bacon rack that hangs in our kitchen.
They ax'd me to say, as how coach was at the door,
  While were seated above and below folk—
Gad, I was so shamed that I flopp'd on the floor,
  And swooned away 'mong the show folk.

Spoken.] As I was going on the stage to say, "Ma'am, the coach is at the door," I heard my old daddy's voice up in the gallery: "Ah, sirrah! what right had you to turn stage player, and disgrace your family in the manner you have done?" For you must know that my father was a great man—dam'me if he wasn't the principal chimneysweeper in our parts.

Thus I swooned away 'mong the show folk.

They laughed so, and jeered me as never was seen,
  All manner of tricks they were playing:
One night I was sent to wait a-top of a queen,
  Not thinking the plan they were laying—

Spoken.] I know'd she was a queen; because how they called her Queen Hamlet of Dunkirk, and she had a lot of shining diamonds a-top of her head, like 'half-moon.

Not thinking the plan they were laying—
My lady she died on a chair next her spouse,
  While with pins me behind they were pricking;

Spoken.] "Why don't you be easy?" said I; "don't you see I'm before the gentlemen and ladies, playing my part? and be d——d to you." All at once her Grace———

Alive she was soon, ay, and kicking:

The people all laugh'd at and hooted poor I,
And the comical dogs did me so joke,
That I made but one step, without bidding good bye.

Spoken.] From the stage door (I never looked behind me.) I tumbled over a barrel of thunder—knocked down a hail storm—spoilt a span new moon—set fire to the sun—dashed like a devil through the infernal regions—bolted into Bill Bull's ship, the Ivy House, lying near St. Paul's Chain,

And so bid adieu to the show folk.

A HIGHLAND LADDIE.

A Highland laddie heard of war,
Which set his heart in motion;
He heard the distant cannon's roar,
He saw the smiling ocean;
Come well, come wo,
To sea he'd go,
And left one morning early
Loch Lomond ben,
And the willow glen,
And Jean that loved him dearly.

He wandered east, he wandered south,
But joy he could not find it;
But he found out this wholesome truth,
And had the sense to mind it:
Of a' the earth,
The bonny north,
To cherish late and early;
Loch Lomond ben,
And the willow glen,
And Jean that loved him dearly.

MORTON.

HARK! THE LARK.

HARK! the lark at heaven's gate sings
  And Phœbus 'gins to rise,
His steeds to water at those springs,
  On chaliced flowers that lies.
And winking Maribuds begin
  To ope their golden eyes;
With every that pretty *bin*,
  My lady sweet, arise.

SHAKSPEARE.

MARY, I BELIEVED THEE TRUE.

MARY, I believed thee true,
  And I was bless'd in thus believing;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
  A girl so fair and so deceiving.
Few have ever loved like me,
  O! I have loved thee too sincerely;
And few have e'er deceiv'd like thee,
  Alas! deceiv'd me too severely.
    Fare thee well.

Fare thee well, yet think awhile
  On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee,
Who now would rather trust that smile,
  And die with thee than live without thee;
Fare thee well, I'll think of thee,
  Thou leavest me many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman, see,
  My peace is gone—my heart is broken.
    Fare thee well.

T. MOORE.

ROBIN ADAIR.

WHAT'S this dull town to me?
Robin's not near.
What was't I wish'd to see?
What wish'd to hear?
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made this town a heaven on earth?
Oh! they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.

What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair.
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there.
What,—when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh! it was parting with
Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair.
But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair.
Yet he I loved so well
Still in my heart shall dwell.
Oh! I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

COLLEGE RULES.

Now we're free from college rules,
From common-place-book reason;
From trifling philogistic schools,
And systems out of season.
Never more shall have defined
If matter thinks or thinks not;
All the matter we shall find
Is he who drinks or drinks not.

Metaphysically to trace
  The mind or soul abstracted;
Or prove infinity of space,
  By cause on cause effected.
Better souls we shall become,
  By immaterial thinking;
And as to space, we want no room,
  But room enough to drink in.

Plenum, *vacuum*, *minus*, *plus*,
  Are learned words, and rare too;
Those terms our tutors may discuss,
  And those who please may hear too.
A *plenum* in our wine we show,
  With *plus* on *plus* behind, sir;
And when our cash is *minus*, low,
  A *vacuum* soon we find, sir.

Copernicus, that learned sage,
  Dan Tycho's errors proving,
Declares in—I can't tell what page,
  The earth round Sol is moving;
But which goes round, what's that to us?
  Each is perhaps a notion;
With earth and sun we'll make no fuss,
  But mind the bottle's motion.

Great Galileo ill was used
  By superstitious fury;
Th' Antipodeans were abused
  By Ignoramus' jury.
But foot to foot we dare attest,
  Nor fear a treatment scurvy,
For when we're drunk, *probatum est*,
  We're tumbling topsyturvy.

Newton talk'd of lights and shades,
  And different colours new, sir;
Don't let us disturb our heads,
  We will but study two, sir.

White and red our glasses boast,
  Reflections on refractions:
After him we name our toast—
  The centre of attraction.

On that, this is well declaim'd,
  By *stratum super stratum*,
There's mighty magic in its name,
  It is nature's *postulatum*.
Wine and nature, next to love,
  Then wisely let us blend 'em;
First, though, physically prove
  That *non est tempus bibendum*.

WITH MY JUG IN ONE HAND.

With my jug in one hand and my pipe in the other,
  I'll drink to my neighbour and friend,
My cares in a whiff of tobacco I'll smother,
  For life I know shortly must end.
While Ceres most kindly refills my brown jug
  With good ale, I will make myself mellow;
In my old wicker chair I will seat myself snug,
  Like a jolly and truehearted fellow.

I'll ne'er trouble my head with the cares of the nation,
  I've enough of my own for to mind;
For the cares of this life are but grief and vexation,
  To death we must all be consign'd.
Then we'll laugh, drink, and smoke, and leave nothing to pay,
  But drop, like a pear that is mellow;
And when cold in my coffin, I'll leave them to say,
  He's gone! what a hearty good fellow!

THE POST OFFICE.

In a Post Office bred,
What a life sure I led,
When I handled the thoughts of my betters;
O it was such a scene,
That our great public inn
Might be called the republic of letters.
To Northumberland,
And Cumberland,
To Westmoreland,
And Sunderland,
To Hartford,
And Dartford,
And Bedford,
And Deptford.
North, south, east, and west,
To each corner address'd,
Such a wonderful concentration.
I might say without brag,
I could shake in a bag
Half the wisdom and wit of the nation.

Spoken.] "Do pray stand away from the windows, or I can't see to give out the letters." (*A sneaking voice*) "Pray, sir, haven't you got never a von for me —my name's Timothy Twist; I'm a tailor, and its from my sweetheart, Miss Dorothy Dumpling." "Yes, here it is, all over grease, and sealed with a thimble." "Here, John, is your master's letters." (*A countryman's voice*) "How much be I to pay?" "Nothing, you fool; don't you see it's *frank'd?*" "Oh, here's M. P. on it; that means *mustn't pay*, I suppose." (*An Irish voice*) "Is there never a letter for me, pray?" "None at all, either to-day or yesterday." "Upon my soul that's very hard: do you think there will be e'er a one to-morrow?" "I really can't say, sir."

So they pour in like hail,
Till they're off with the mail,
With a rattle on, dash, dash away.
Some folks write for fun,
And others to dun,
Some blaming, and others commending;
Some letters on love,
And others to move
Soft friends their hard cash to be lending;
Relations, dying,
Selling, buying,
Losing, thriving,
Ships arriving,
Courting, fighting,
Wronging, wrighting,
Suits at law,
Cash to draw,
Dull and gay, cross and kind,
Such a medley you'd find,
Each scroll to appear on inspection,
In writer and theme,
That our office would seem
Noah's ark, by the motley collection.

Spoken.] "Bless me, what a number of queer names:—Mr. Lion, Mr. Crow, Mr. Wolf, Mr. Talbot, Miss Partridge, Mr. Herring, Mr. Woodcock, and Monsieur Grenouille." (*A French voice.*) "Ah! dat is for me." "Sixpence, if you please." "Ah, sixpence! dat is too moosh! I will not give you more as *treepence happenny;* if you will not let me have him for dat, you may keep him." "Your letter, Mr. O'Flannagen, is ninepence more." "What for?" "It's a *double letter.*" "A *double letter!* Will you be after telling me that? Sure a *double letter* is *two letters*, and this I have in my fist is but *one.* O, stop a bit; may be there's another in the belly of it. What's this? half a Bank note! O, you thieves, I'll have your Post Office taken up for stealing the other half."

So they pour in like hail,
Till they're off with the mail,
With a rattle on, dash, dash away.

CHERRY-CHEEK PATTY.

Down in yon village I live so snug,
They call me Giles the ploughman's boy;
Through woods and o'er stiles, as I trudge many miles,
I whistle, I whistle, and whoop, gee woo, Jerry.
My work being done, to the lawn there I fly,
Where the lads at the lasses all look very sly;
And I'ze deeply in love with a girl, it is true,
And I know what I know, but I munna tell you:
But I'll whistle, I'll whistle, for of all the girls I e'er did see,
O, cherry-cheek Patty for me.

Though the squire so great, so happy may'nt be
As poor simple Giles the ploughman's boy;
No matters of state ever addle my pate,
But I'll whistle, I'll whistle, and whoop gee woo, Jerry.
Now cherry-cheek Patty she lives in a vale,
Whom I help'd o'er the stile with her milking pail;
And Patty has a like notion of me, it is true,
And I know what I know, but I munna tell you:
But I'll whistle, &c.

I'ze able and strong, and willing to work,
And when the lark rises, off trudges I;
The cows up I call, and harness old Ball,
I whistle, I whistle, and whoop, gee woo, Jerry.
Then I'ze fifty good shillings, my luck has been such,
And a lad's not to be grinn'd at that's gotten so much;
And when that I'm married to Patty so true,
I know what I know, but I munna tell you.
But I'll whistle, &c.

SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

O LOVE is the soul of a nate Irishman,
He loves all the lovely, loves all that he can,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green:
His heart is good humour'd, 'tis honest and sound,
No malice or hatred is there to be found;
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,
For love, all for love, for in that he delights,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair?
An Irishman all in his glory is there,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.
His clothes spick-and-span new, without e'er a speck,
A neat Barcelona, tied round his neat neck:
He goes to a tent, and he spends his half-crown,
He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whiskey, his head soft with blows,
From a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green;
He meets with his Shelah, who, blushing a smile,
Cries, Get ye gone, Pat, yet consents all the while:
To the priest soon they go, and nine months after that
A fine baby cries, How d'ye do, father Pat,
With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green?

Bless the country, says I, that gave Patrick his birth,
Bless the land of the oak, and its neighbouring earth,
Where grows the shillelah and shamrock so green.
May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,
Drub the foe who dares plant on our confines a cannon;
United and happy at loyalty's shrine,
May the rose, leek, and thistle long flourish and twine
Round a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

MISTER PETER SNOUT.

Mister Peter Snout was invited out;
Heigh ho! fiddle dee dee:
He had but one shirt, and he made a rout,
For his wife that moment had wash'd it out,
While snug in the bed lay he.

The dinner was nigh, and the shirt not dry;
Heigh ho! fiddle dee dee;
Oh, dear Mistress Snout, what are you about?
If my shirt's not ready I'm off without,
I'll be damn'd if I don't, said he.

They expect me at five, so says the note;
Heigh ho! fiddle dee dee.
A clean cravat I'll tie round my throat,
And up to my chin I'll button my coat.
It will do very well, said she.

He came to the house, and he doff'd his hat;
Heigh ho! fiddle dee dee.
He made a fine bow, and down he sat;
Under his waistcoat he showed his cravat
Which the ladies all blush'd to see.

The weather was rainy—now mind the gig—
Heigh ho! fiddle dee dee
He couldn't go home, so was forced to pig
With Parson Botch, a clerical prig—
I shall sleep very well, said he.

Parson Botch always changed his shirt at night;
Heigh ho! fiddle dee dee;
And Mr. Snout, long before it was light,
Slipped into his shirt, though 'twas short and tight,
And out of the room crept he.

The bedfellows soon at the breakfast met;
Heigh ho! fiddle dee dee:
Parson Botch protested the law he'd get;
Says Snout, Dear Botch, 'tis a folly to fret,
I appeal to this company.

The ladies all vow'd Mr. Botch was sinning;
Heigh ho! fiddle dee dee:
Said they (with a vast deal of blushing and grinning,)
We all took notice of Mr. Snout's linen.
So off with the shirt went he.

THE SAVOYARD BOY.

I come from a land far away,
My parents to keep me too poor;
To please you I sing and I play,
Yet a living can scarcely procure.
About, sad and hungry I go,
Though smiling as if 'twere with joy;
Then a trifle in pity bestow,
To relieve a poor Savoyard boy.

When around me the children I see
So careless and happy appear,
I sigh while they listen to me,
And oft as I play drop a tear.
I cannot help thinking that they
Can fly to their parents with joy:
While mine they are far, far away,—
Then relieve a poor Savoyard boy.

C. DIBDIN, JUN.

WHEN I WAS A YOUNKER.

When I was a younker, and lived with my dad,
The neighbours all thought me a smart little lad;
My mammy she call'd me a white headed boy,
Because with the girls I liked to toy.
There was Ciss,
Priss,
Letty and Betty,
And Doll;

With Meg,
Peg,
Jenny and Winney,
And Moll.

I flatter
Their clatter,
So sprightly and gay:
I rumble 'em—
Tumble 'em—
That's my way.

One fine frosty morning, a going to school,
Young Moggy I met, and she call'd me a fool:
Her mouth was my primer, a lesson I took;
I swore it was pretty, and kissed the book.
But School
Fool,
Primer,
Trimmer,
And birch,
And boys for the girls I leave in the lurch,
I flatter, &c.

It's well known I can dance a good jig,
And at cudgels from Robin I won a fat pig;
I can wrestle a fall, and the bar I can fling;
And when o'er a flaggon can sweetly sing:
But pig,
Jig,
Wicket,
And Cricket,
I'd give up to wrestle with Moggy a fall.
I flatter, &c.

THE SULTAN AND THE WAG.

A MIGHTY sultan once for fun
Indulged an inclination,—
'Tis odds by then my story's done
You'll make its application:—

A wag he sent for to his court,
  Who, each way you can mention,
To furnish whim, and fun, and sport,
  Still tortured his invention.
    To please this sultan, &c.

'Mongst Folly's sons and daughters too,
  With Satire did he wander;
And still attempting something new,.
  Relying on the candour
    Of this mighty sultan, &c.

At length his frolic's at an end,
  Cried one, I do not bam you,
But as you merit, my good friend,
  He'll either save or damn you.
    Will this mighty sultan, &c.

But, for your comfort, he is just,
  And easily contented,
Nor to him e'er did any trust,
  Who afterward repented.
You are the sultan who for fun
  Indulge an inclination,
I am the wag—my story's done——
  Now make its application.

DIBDIN.

FLY NOT YET.

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower,
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
  And maids who love the moon:
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing:
  Oh! stay,—oh! stay;

Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain
  To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd,
In times of old, through Ammon's shade,
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
  To burn when night was near;
And thus should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night returning
Brings their genial hour for burning.
  Oh! stay,—oh! stay;
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
  As those that sparkle here!

T. MOORE.

RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

Blow, warder, blow thy sounding horn,
  And thy banner wave on high;
For the Christians have fought in the holy land,
  And have won the victory.
Loud the warder blew his horn,
  And his banner waved on high:
    Let the mass be sung!
    And the bells be rung!
    And the feast eat merrily.

The warder look'd from the tower on high,
  As far as he could see;
I see a bold knight, and by his red cross
  He comes from the east country.
Then loud the warder blew his horn,
  And called till he was hoarse.
    Let the mass be sung, &c.
"I see a bold knight, and on his shield bright,
  He beareth a flaming cross."

Then down the lord of the castle came,
  The Red-cross Knight to meet;
And when the Red-cross Knight he spied,
  Right loving he did him greet:
Thou'rt welcome here, dear Red-cross Knight,
  For thy fame's well known to me;
    And the mass shall be sung,
    And the bells shall be rung,
    And we'll feast right merrily.

LOVE IN THINE EYES.

Love in thine eyes for ever plays,
He in thy snowy bosom strays;
He makes thy rosy lips his care,
And walks the mazes of thy hair;
Love dwells in every outward part;
But, ah! he never touch'd thy heart:
How different is my fate from thine!
No outward marks of love are mine.
My brow is clouded by despair;
And grief, love's bitter foe, is there;
But, deep within thy glowing soul,
He rules and reigns without control.

THE SAPLING OAK.

The sapling oak, lost in the dell,
  Where tangled brakes its beauties spoil,
And every infant shock repel,
  Droops hopeless o'er the exhausted soil.

At length the woodman clears around,
  Where'er the noxious thickets spread;
And, high reviving o'er the ground,
  The forest's monarch lifts its head.

SEDGWICK.

FORGET THEE.

Forget thee!—in my banquet hall,
Go ask my fellow men;
Or ask the tear that secret falls,
If I forget thee then.
The midnight hours with song and wine
I ever shared with thee;
The midnight hours they still are thine,
And fatal memory!

Forget thee!—in the mirthful dance,
There steals some eye's bright ray,
Like thine—that makes me with its glance
Turn swift in tears away.
Go ask my minstrels, when they breathe
The verse the poet's pen
With each Parnassian sweet hath wreath'd,
If I forget thee then?

Forget thee!—Oh, there is but *one*
Could from my memory chase
Each sweet charm I have gazed upon,
Each softly winning grace:
To be that one's, my first, first vow
I pledged with infant breath,
And he comes to demand me now,
Thy rival, love, *is death!*

Forget thee!—when my funeral urn
Thy tearful gaze shall meet,
And censers of aroma burn,
Exhaling at my feet:
When winds and storms careering sweep
Unheeded o'er my breast,
And cypress waves—then turn and weep,
And own my love's at rest!

RYAN.

SANDY O'ER THE LEE.

I WINNA marry ony mon but Sandy o'er the Lee,
But I will ha my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the Lee:
For he's aye a kissing, kissing, aye a kissing me.
I will not have the minister for all his godly looks;
Nor yet will I the lawyer have, for all his wily crooks;
I will not have the ploughman lad, nor yet will I the miller,
But I will have my Sandy lad, without one penny siller:
For he's aye a kissing, &c.

I will not have the soldier lad, for he gangs to the war;
I will not have the sailor lad, because he smells of tar;
I will not have the lord nor laird, for all their mickle gear;
But I will have my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the meir:
For he's aye a kissing, &c.

SIGH NOT FOR LOVE.

SIGH not for love, if you wish not to know
Every torment that waits on us mortals here below;
If you fain would avoid all the dangers and snares
That attend human life, and escape all its cares,
Sigh not for love.

If cheerfulness smiles on the cup as you sip,
And you wish not to dash the sweet cup from your lip,
If life's rill you see sparkle with pleasure's gay beam,
Nor destroy the gay bubbles that rise on the stream,—
Sigh not for love.

If you dread the sharp pang that assails the fond heart,
If you wish to shun sorrow, and mirth would impart,
If you prize a calm life, with contentment and ease,
If pleasure can charm you and liberty please,—
Sigh not for love.

WHEN THE ROSY MORN.

When the rosy morn appearing,
  Paints with gold the verdant lawn;
Bees, on banks of thyme disporting,
  Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds the day proclaiming,
  Carol sweet the lively strain;
They forsake their leafy dwelling,
  To secure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner,
  Takes the scatter'd ears that fall;
Nature, all her children viewing,
  Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

IN MY COTTAGE NEAR A WOOD.

In my cottage near a wood,
  Love and Rosa now are mine;
Rosa ever fair and good,
  Charm me with those smiles of thine.
Rosa, partner of my life,
  Thee alone my heart shall prize;
Thou, the tender friend and wife—
  Ah! too swift life's current flies!

Linger yet, ye moments stay;
  Why so rapid is your wing?
Whither would ye haste away?
  Stay, and hear my Rosa sing.
Love and you still bless my cot,
  Fortune's frowns are for our good;
May we live, by pride forgot,
  In our cottage near a wood.

R. A. MORELAND.

KATE OF ABERDEEN.

The silver moon's enamour'd beam
  Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
  And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy sleep!
  ('Tis where you've seldom been)
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
  With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
  In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
  And give the promised May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare,
  The promised May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
  As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
  We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
  And hail the maid I love;
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
  He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
  'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
  Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
  Or tune the reed to love;
For see the rosy May draws nigh;
  She claims a virgin queen:
And, hark! the happy shepherds cry,
  'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

THE DEATH OF TOM MOODY.

You all know Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well;
But just now done tolling has honest Tom's knell,
A more able sportsman ne'er followed a hound
Through a country well known to be fifty miles round.
No hound ever open'd, with Tom, near a wood,
But he'd challenge the tone, and could tell if 'twas good;
And all with attention would eagerly mark,
When he cheer'd up the pack with "Hark! to Rockwood, hark! hark!
Hey, wind and cross him: now, Rattler; ho! hark!"
And all with attention, &c.

Six crafty earth stoppers, in hunters' green dress,
Supported poor Tom to an earth made for rest;
His horse, which he styled his Old Soul, next appear'd,
On whose forehead the brush of the last fox was rear'd.
Whip, cap, boots, and spurs, in a trophy were bound,
And here and there followed a straggling old hound,
Ah! no more his voice yonder hills will they trace,
Nor the welkin resound his burst of the chase.
With hie, over, now press him!—tally ho!
Ah! no more, &c.

Thus Tom spoke to his friends, ere he gave up his breath:
"Since I see you're resolved to be in at the death,
One favour bestow, 'tis the last I shall crave,
Give a rattling view halloo thrice over my grave;
And unless at the warning I lift up my head,
My boys, you may safely conclude that I'm dead."
Honest Tom was obeyed, and the shouts rent the sky;
But he never join'd in the tally-ho cry.
Honest Tom was obeyed, &c.

RICH AND RARE.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Sparkling gems and snow white wand.

"Lady, dost not thou fear to stray,
So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm;
For though they love woman and golden store,
Sir knight, they love honour and virtue more."

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her through the green isle,
And blessed for ever is she who relied
On Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

T. MOORE.

ROBERT BRUCE TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wha Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory.
Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of battle low'r;
See approach proud Edward's power,
Edward, chains, and slavery.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha will fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! Coward! turn and flee.
Wha, for Scotland's king and la',
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Caledonian on wi' me.

By oppressions woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be, shall be free.
Lay the proud usurpers low,
Tyrants fall in every foe,
Liberty's in every blow;
Forward! let us do or die. BURNS.

I AM A FRIAR.

I AM a friar of orders gray,
And down the valleys I take my way:
I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip,
Good store of venison does fill my scrip:
My long bead roll I merrily chant,
Where'er I walk no money I want.
And why I'm so plump the reason I tell,
Who leads a good life is sure to live well.
What baron, or squire,
Or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar!

After supper of heaven I dream,
But that is fat pullet and clouted cream;
Myself by denial I mortify,
With a dainty bit of a warden pie;
I'm clothed in sackcloth for my sin;
With old sack wine I'm lined within.
A chirping cup is my matin song,
And the vesper bell is my bowl, ding dong.
What baron, or squire, &c.

O'KEEFE.

THE BREWER'S COACHMAN.

HONEST William, an easy and good natured fellow,
Would a little too oft get a little too mellow;
Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer,
No better e'er sat on a coach box to be sure.

His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or nurses
Took more care of their babes than he took of his horses:
He had these, ay, and fifty good qualities more,
But the business of tippling could ne'er be got o'er.

So his master effectually mended the matter,
By hiring a man who drank nothing but water;
Now, William, says he, you see the plain case,
Had you drank as he does you'd have kept a good place.

Drink water! cried William: had all men done so,
You'd never have wanted a coachman, I trow.
They're soakers like me, whom you load with reproaches,
That enable you brewers to ride in your coaches.

TAILOR.

AND HAS SHE THEN FAIL'D.

And has she then fail'd in her truth?
The beautiful maid I adore;
Shall I never again hear her voice,
Nor see her loved form any more?
No, no, no, I never shall see her more.

Ah, Selima, cruel you prove,
Yet sure my hard lot you'll bewail;
I could not presume you would love,
Yet pity I hoped would prevail.

And since hatred alone I inspire,
Life henceforth is not worth my care;
Death now is my only desire,
I give myself up to despair.

FAR, FAR AT SEA.

'Twas at night when the bell had toll'd twelve,
And poor Susan was laid on her pillow,
In her ear whisper'd some fleeting elve,
Your love is now toss'd on a billow,—
Far, far at sea.

All was dark! as she 'woke out of breath,
Not an object her fears could discover;
All was still as the silence of death,
Save fancy which painted her lover,—
Far, far at sea.

So she whisper'd a prayer, closed her eyes,
But the phantom still haunted her pillow;
Whilst in terror she echoed his cries,
As struggling he sunk in the billow,
Far, far at sea.

OH, TELL ME, PILGRIMS.

Oh, tell me, pilgrims, faint and weary,
Whither o'er the moor you stray?
The winds of night blow cold and dreary,
Dark and lonely is the way.

Though dark the way, though lone the moor,
At Juan's shrine our beads we tell,
Each night when, from the abbey tower,
Slowly tolls the midnight bell.

Now the tapers, faintly gleaming,
Light the chapel aisle along;
Now, the sacred rites proclaiming,
Slowly tolls the bell, ding dong.

Oh, say what sounds, so sweet ascending,
Steal along the dusky sky?
From whence those songs that, softly blending,
O'er the dreary moorlands die?
Now the tapers, &c.

LIFE LET US CHERISH.

Life let us cherish while yet the taper glows,
And the fresh flowret pluck ere it close.
Why are we fond of toil and care?
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear,
And heedless by the lily stray,
Which blossoms in our way?

When clouds obscure the atmosphere,
And forked lightnings rend the air,
The sun resumes its silver crest,
And smiles adown the west.

The genial seasons soon are o'er,
Then let us, ere we quit this shore,
Contentment seek; it is life's zest,
The sunshine of the breast.

Away with every toil and care,
And cease the rankling thorn to wear;
With manful hearts life's conflict meet,
Till death sounds the retreat.

THE FRIEND AND PITCHER.

The wealthy fool, with gold in store,
Will still desire to grow richer;
Give me but these, I ask no more,
My charming girl, my friend, and pitcher.
My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
With such what mortal can be richer?
Give me but these, a fig for care,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve,
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that, when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

Though fortune ever shuns my door,
I do not know what can bewitch her;
With all my heart can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

O'KEEFE.

THE COSMETIC DOCTOR.

BELIEVE me, believe me, in country and town,
No cosmetic, no cosmetic but mine would go down;
Both young ones and old ones would flock at my call,
And for pimples and wrinkles they purchased it all.
The sweet creatures would cry,
Your art, sir, I'll try,
For a freckle I spy
Just below my left eye.
To the face pale and wan I gave the blush of the rose,
And placed on the cheek what I found on the nose.
Some smirking, some jerking,
Some crummy, some gummy,
Eyes askew, noses blue,
Shallow cheek, made so sleek,
'Bove all commendation my trade is;
Smiling face, prate apace,
Tell the news, all amuse,
Aim to show what's the go;
That's the way, nowaday,
To shine as the man for the ladies.

To tell where I've been,
Or what fair ones I've seen,
In places where I my abode took,
I'm sure it would fill
A chancery bill,
Or as long be as Pattison's Road-book.
First at Acton and Ealing,
Their faces I'm peeling;

At Ilchester and Dorchester,
At Chichester and Porchester,
At Woolwich and Highgate,
And Dulwich and Reigate,
At Beckington and Oakingham
And Buckingham and Rockingham,
At Brummagem
I rummage'em,
At Deptford and Hampton,
And Bedford and Bampton,
At Harlow and Charmouth,
And Marlow and Yarmouth,
At Dartford and Darking,
And Harford and Barking,
At Wor'ster and Chester
And Glo'ster and Leicester,
At Teddington and Amersham,
And Holyhead and Riverhead,
At Maidenhead and Leatherhead;
In chaises and four I've rattled off to Daventry,
And many is the time that I've been sent to Coventry.

To this list let me add, and the vanity pardon,
I've made many a fair one smile in famous Covent Garden.
Where some are smirking, some jerking,
Some crummy, some gummy,
Eyes askew, noses blue,
Sallow cheek, made so sleek,
'Bove all commendation my trade is;
Smiling face, prate apace,
Tell the news, all amuse,
Aim to show what's the go;
That's the way, nowaday,
To shine as the man for the ladies.

FLOW, THOU REGAL.

Flow, thou regal, purple stream,
Tinted by the solar beam,
In my goblet sparkling rise,
Cheer my heart, and glad my eyes;
My brain, ascend on fancy's wing—
'Noint me, wine, a jovial king!
While I live, I'll lave my clay,
When I'm dead and gone away,
Let my thirsty subjects say,
A month he reign'd, and that was May.

O'KEEFE.

BY THE GAYLY CIRCLING GLASS.

By the gayly circling glass,
We can see how minutes pass;
By the hollow cask we're told,
How the waning night grows old.
Soon, too soon the busy day
Drives us from our sport and play,
What have we with day to do!
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

By the screeching of the owl,
By the empty butts that roll,
By the chirping on the thorn,
We foretell the approach of morn.
Fill, oh! fill the vacant glass,
Let no precious moments slip;
Flout the moralizing ass,
Joy finds entrance at the lip.

DAME DURDEN.

Dame Durden kept five serving girls,
To carry the milking pail;
She also kept five labouring men,
To use the spade and flail.
'Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate, and Dorothy Draggletail;
And John and Dick, and Joe and Jack, and Humphry, with his flail.
'Twas John kiss'd Molly!
And Dick kiss'd Betty!
And Joe kiss'd Dolly!
And Jack kiss'd Katy!
And Dorothy Draggletail,
And Humphry, with his flail;
And Kitty was a charming girl to carry the milking pail.

Dame Durden in the morn so soon
She did begin to call;
To rouse her servants, maids and men,
She then began to bawl.
'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

'Twas on the morn of Valentine,
The birds began to prate;
Dame Durden's servants, maids and men,
They all began to mate.
'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

PERHAPS IT IS NOT LOVE, SAID I.

Perhaps it is not love, said I,
That melts my soul when Flavia's nigh:
Where wit and sense like hers agree,
One may be pleased, and yet be free.

The beauties of her polish'd mind
It needs no lover's eye to find;
The hermit freezing in his cell
Might wish the gentle Flavia well.

It is not love—averse to bear
The servile chain that lovers wear;
Let, let me all my fears remove,
My doubts dispel—it is not love.

Oh! when did wit so brightly shine
In any form less fair than thine?
It is, it is love's subtle fire,
And under friendship lurks desire.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU SUMMER'S BREEZE.

Blow, blow, thou summer's breeze,
O gently fan the trees,
  That form yon fragrant bower;
Where Anna, loveliest maid!
On nature's carpet laid,
  Enjoys the evening hour.

Hence, hence, ye objects foul,
The beetle, bat, and owl,
  The hagworm, newt, and toad;
But fairy elves, unseen,
May gambol o'er the green,
  And circle her abode.

Shed, shed thy sweetest beams,
In party-coloured streams,
  Thou fount of heat and light;
No, no; withdraw thy ray;
Her eyes diffuse a day
  As kind, as warm, as bright.

Breathe, breathe thy incense, May;
Ye flowers your homage pay
  To one more fair and sweet;
Ye opening rosebuds, shed
Your fragrance round her head;
  Ye lilies, kiss her feet.

Flow, flow, thou crystal rill,
With twinkling gurgels fill
  The mazes of the grove;
And, should thy murmuring stream
Invite my love to dream,
  O, may she dream of love.

Sing, sing, ye feather'd choir,
And melt to fond desire
  Her too obdurate breast:
Then in that tender hour,
I'll steal into the bower,
  And teach her to be bless'd.

THE TOUGH WOODEN WALLS.

When the despot of France felt a wish to invade
  The island that Freedom had long call'd her own;
The impulse of honour each Briton obey'd
  Determined to fight for his country and crown.
Then, encircled by fleets, she has nothing to fear,
  While no civil commotion her people dissever;
This adage remains every Briton to cheer—
  "The tough wooden walls of old England for ever!"

Then, what fear can invasion impress on the mind,
  If, Britons, for ever united we stand?
While our brave volunteers, in true valour combined,
  Step forward to fight for our dear native land!

With such guardians as these, let the boasters appear;
Shall we e'er yield to Frenchmen? Oh! Englishmen,
For this adage remains, every Briton to cheer, [never:
"The tough wooden walls of old England for ever!"

Then a health to the fleet which our islands surround,
Success to our admirals, courageously brave;
With their actions of valour let heaven resound,
The deeds of our navy our country to save.
Approbation this toast from each Briton must meet:
"Prosper well every Englishmen's loyal endeavour;
May God save the king, his army, and fleet,
'The tough wooden walls of old England for ever!'"

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

Alone on the banks of the dark rolling Danube,
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er;
O, whither, she cried, hast thou wander'd my love?
Or where dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?
What voice have I heard? 'Twas my Henry that sigh'd:
All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,
When, bleeding and low on the heath, she descried,
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar.

From his bosom, that heaved, the last torrent was streaming;
And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar;
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war;
And smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight;
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar?

Thou shalt live, she replied, heaven's mercy relieving
Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn;
Ah! no; the last pang in my bosom is heaving,
No light of the morn shall to Henry return.
Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true,
Ye babes of my love, that await me afar;
His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,
When he sunk in her arms—the poor wounded Hussar.

CAMPBELL.

A TRAVELLER STOPP'D.

A TRAVELLER stopp'd at a widow's gate;
She kept an inn, and he wanted to bait,
But the widow she slighted her guest;
For, when nature was making an ugly race,
She certainly moulded the traveller's face,
As a sample for all the rest.

The chambermaid's sides were ready to crack, [back
When she saw his queer nose and the hump on his
(A hump isn't handsome, no doubt;)
And, though 'tis confess'd that the prejudice goes
Very strongly in favour of wearing a nose,
A nose shouldn't look like a snout.

A bag full of gold on the table he laid;
'T had a wondrous effect on the widow and maid,
And they quickly grew marvellous civil.
The money immediately alter'd the case, [his face,
They were charm'd with his hump, and his snout, and
Though he still might have frighten'd the devil.

He paid like a prince, gave the widow a smack,
And flopp'd on his horse, at the door, like a sack:
While the landlady, touching the chink,
Cried, "Sir, should you travel this country again,
I heartily hope that the sweetest of men
Will stop at the widow's to drink."

COLMAN.

THE NORTH-EAST WIND DID BRISKLY BLOW.

The north-east wind did briskly blow,
The ship was safely moor'd,
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,
And so leap'd overboard.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall;
And whoso his impatience blames,
I wot, ne'er loved at all.

A long long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on English land,
Nor once in thought or deed would stray,
Though ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
Right blithesome roll'd his een;
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung;
He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
That graced his mistress true:
Such charms the old world seldom saw,
Nor oft, I ween, the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Liks tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy rose-buds deck;
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well known ship she spied,
She cast her weeds away;
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In seagreen silk so neatly clad,
She there impatient stood:
The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
  Which he at parting gave,
Well pleased, the token he survey'd,
  And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
  Rejoicing, crowd the strand;
For now her lover swam in call,
  And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste
  To clasp her lovely swain;
When, ah! a shark bit through his waist;
  His heart's blood dyed the main.

He shriek'd! his half sprang from the wave,
  Streaming with purple gore;
And soon it found a living grave,
  And, ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
  Fetch water from the spring:
She falls, she swoons, she dies away,
  And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May-morning round her tomb,
  Ye fair, fresh flowerets strew;
So may your lovers 'scape his doom,
  Her hapless fate 'scape you.

THE BARD'S LEGACY.

When in death I shall calm recline,
  Oh! bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
  Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here;
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
  To sully a heart so brilliant and light,
But balmy drops from the red grape borrow,
  To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
  Oh! take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door,
  Where weary travellers love to call;
And should some Bard who roams forsaken
  Revive its soft notes in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master awaken
  Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Take this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
  To grace your revel when I'm at rest,
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
  On lips that beauty has seldom bless'd.
But if some fond devoted lover
  To her he adores should bathe its brim,
Oh! then my spirit around shall hover,
  And hallow each drop that foams for him.

T. MOORE.

THE BOLD DRAGOON.

THERE was an ancient fair, O! she loved a neat young man,
And she couldn't throw sly looks at him, but only [through her fan;
  With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,
  Her quizzing glass, her leer, and sidle,
O! she loved a bold dragoon, with his long sword, saddle, bridle,—
  Whack, row-di-dow, &c.

She had a rolling eye, its fellow it had none,
Would you know the reason why, it was because she had but one;
  With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx
  She couldn't keep her one eye idle,
O! she leer'd at this dragoon, with his long sword, saddle, bridle, —
  Whack, row-di-dow, &c.

Now he was tall and slim, she squab and short was grown, [milestone;
He look'd just like a mile in length, and she like a
With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,
Her quizzing glass, her leer, and sidle,
O! she sigh'd to this dragoon, bless your long sword, saddle, bridle,—
Whack, row-di-dow, &c.

Soon he led unto the church the beauteous Mrs. Flinn.
Who a walnut could have crack'd 'tween her lovely nose and chin;
O! then such winks, in marriage links,
The splay-footed bride from church did sidle,
As the wife of this dragoon, with his long sword, saddle, bridle,—
Whack, row-di-dow, &c.

A twelvemonth scarce had pass'd when he laid her under ground, [thousands pounds;
Soon he threw the onion from his eyes and touch'd ten
For her winks and blinks, her money chinks,
He does not let her cash lie idle;
So long life to this dragoon with his long sword, saddle, bridle,—
Whack, row-di-dow, &c.

I THOUGHT THIS HEART.

I THOUGHT this heart consuming lay
On Cupid's burning shrine;
I thought he stole thy heart away,
And placed it near to mine.

I saw thy heart begin to melt,
Like ice before the sun,
Till both a glow congenial felt,
And mingled into one.

T. MOORE.

TOM TRUELOVE.

Tom Truelove woo'd the sweetest fair
  That e'er to tar was kind;
Her face was of a beauty rare,
  More beautiful her mind:
His messmates heard while with delight
  He named her for his bride;
A sail appear'd, ah! fatal sight!
  For grief his love had died.
"Must I," cried he, "those charms resign
  I loved so dear, so well?
Would they had toll'd, instead of thine,
  Tom Truelove's knell.

"Break, heart, at once, and there's an end,
  Thou all that Heaven could give!—
But hold, I have a noble friend;
  Yet, yet for him I'll live."
Fortune, who all her baleful spite
  Not yet on Tom had tried,
Sent news, one rough tempestuous night,
  That his dear friend had died.
"And thou too! must I thee resign,
  Who honour loved so well?
Would they had toll'd, instead of thine,
  Tom Trulove's knell.

"Enough, enough, a salt sea wave
  A healing balm shall bring."—
"A sailor you," cried one, "and brave!
  Live still to serve your king!"
The moment comes, behold the foe;
  "Thanks, generous friend," he cried;
The second broadside laid him low,
  He named his love and died.
The tale, in mournful accents sung,
  His friends still sorrowing tell,
How sad and solemn three times rung
  Tom Truelove's knell.

DIBDIN.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

Oh! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower
The lord of the valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind the clouds o'er the maiden's shame.
The clouds pass'd soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way,
Where the lord of the valley cross'd over the moor:
And many a deep print,
On the white snow's tint,
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.
The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false lord came:
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

T. MOORE.

CONJUGAL COMFORT.

"Dear John, prithee tell me," cried Ruth,
To Gubbins, her husband, one day,
"Dost not think, in good sooth,
I should swear but the truth,
Did I swear what I'm going to say?

That wedlock's a state,
In good humour, that fate
  Contrived to bless woman and man,
And that Giles here's an ass,
Who such fortune lets pass?—
  All should marry as soon as they can."

"Why, Goody," cried Gubbins, "you know
  My thoughts of the thing 'fore to-day;
Nor, as I shall show,
Need one many miles go,
  To prove what I'm going to say.
Did wives ever scold,
Were they ugly or old,
  A spouse were a miserable man:
But smooth is their tongue,
They're all comely and young!—
  Giles, get married as soon as you can.

"If one's children one wish'd in their grave,
  Still plaguing one day after day,
The girls fashion's slaves,
The boys puppies and knaves,
  One then might have something to say:
But brats are no evil,
They ne'er play the devil;
  Nor have wives from their duty e'er ran;
Then since, my friend Giles,
Wedlock greets you with smiles,
  Get married as soon as you can."

Cried Ruth, "Will you let your tongue run?
  Here, you scurvy old villain, I rule!"
"Rogues there are," said the son,
"But, old Quiz, am I one?"
  Cried the daughter, "My father's a fool!"

"Don't you see," Gubbins cried,
"I've the tenderest bride,
And best children that ever bless'd man?
Giles, would you be driven
To bedlam or heaven,
Get married as soon as you can!" DIBDIN.

THE WOODPECKER.

I KNEW by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near;
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here."
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree.

And here, in this lone little wood, I exclaim'd,
With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
Who would blush if I praised her, and weep if blamed,
How bless'd could I live, and how calm could I die
Every leaf was at rest, &c.

By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline!
And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
Which ne'er had been sigh'd on by any but mine.
Every leaf was at rest, &c.

CEASE, CEASE, THOSE SIGHS.

CEASE, cease; those sighs I cannot bear:
Hark! hark! the drums are calling;
Oh! I must chide thy coward tear,
Or kiss it as 'tis falling.

Eliza, bid thy soldier go;
Why thus my heart-strings sever?
Ah! be not then my honour's foe,
Or I am lost for ever.

True benevolence above,
With mind resign'd and steady;
He'll never wound, believe me, love,
The heart that's broke already.

Serene yon dreadful field I see,
Whatever fate betide me;
Thy shelter innocence shall be,
And I've no wish beside thee.

THE BANKS OF BANNA.

Shepherds, I have lost my love,
Have you seen my Anna?
Pride of every shady grove,
Upon the banks of Banna?

I for her my home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain,
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
Until her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness changed to mourning.

Whither is my charmer flown,
Shepherds, tell me whither?
Ah! wo for me, perhaps she's gone,
For ever and for ever.

THE BARREL OF ALE.

Old Owen lived on the brow of a hill,
And he had more patience than pelf;
A small plot of ground 'twas his labour to till,
And he toil'd through the day by himself.

But at night crowds of visiters call'd at his cot,
  For he told a right marvellous tale;
Yet a stronger attraction by chance he had got,
  A barrel of old humming ale.

Old Owen by all was an oracle thought,
  While they drank, not a joke fail'd to hit;
But Owen at last by experience was taught,
  That wisdom is better than wit.
One night his cot scarcely could hold the gay rout,
  The next not a soul heard his tale;
The moral is, simply, they'd fairly drank out
  His barrel of old humming ale.

C. DIBDIN, JUN.

TAKE, OH! TAKE MY FEARS AWAY.

Take, oh! take my fears away,
  Which thy cold disdain has bred;
And grant me one auspicious ray,
  From thy morn of beauties shed.
    But thy killing beams restrain,
    Lest I be by beauty slain.

Spread, oh! spread those orient twins,
  Which thy snowy bosom grace;
Where love in milk and roses swims,
  Blind with lustre of thy face.
    But let love thaw 'em first, lest I
    Do on those frozen mountains die.

BY MOONLIGHT ON THE GREEN.

By moonlight on the green,
  Where lads and lasses stray,
How sweet the blossom'd bean,
  How sweet the new-made hay!

But not to me so sweet
  The blossoms on the thorn,
As when my lad I meet,
  More fresh than May-day morn!
Give me the lad so blithe and gay,
  Give me the tartan-pladdie;
For, spite of all the wise can say,
  I'll wed my Highland laddie,
    My bonny Highland laddie,
    My bonny Highland laddie,
    My bonny, bonny, bonny, bonny,
    Bonny Highland laddie.

His skin is white as snow,
  His een are bonny blue,
Like rose-bud sweet his mou',
  When wet wi' morning dew.
Young Will is rich and great,
  And fain would ca' me his;
But what is pride or state,
  Without love's smiling bliss?
    Give me the lad, &c.

When first he talk'd of love,
  He look'd sae blithe and gay,
His flame I did approve,
  And could na say him nay.
Then to the kirk I'll haste,
  There prove my love and truth;
Reward a love sae chaste,
  And wed the constant youth.
    Give me the lad, &c.

THERE'S NOUGHT BUT CARE.

There's nought but care on every han',
  In every hour that passes, O!
What signifies the life o' man,
  An' 'twerena for the lasses, O

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent amang the lasses, O!

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O!
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!
Green grow the rashes, &c.

Gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O!
Then warly cares an' warly men
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
Green grow the rashes, &c.

For you sae douse! ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O!
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly loved the lasses, O!
Green grow the rashes, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O!
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O!
Green grow the rashes, &c.

BURNS.

AH! SURE A PAIR.

Ah! sure a pair was never seen
So justly form'd to meet by nature;
The youth excelling is in mien,
The maid in every grace of feature.
Oh! how happy are such lovers,
When kindred beauties each discovers;
For surely she
Was made for thee,
And thou to bless this lovely creature.

So mind your looks, your children thence
Will early learn the task of duty;
The boys with all their father's strength,
The girls with all their mother's beauty:
O! how happy to inherit
At once such graces and such spirit.
Thus, while you live
May fortune give
Each blessing equal to your merit.

SHERIDAN.

THE SPORTSMAN'S DELIGHTS.

From the east breaks the morn;
See the sunbeams adorn
The wild heath and the mountains so high!
Shrilly opes the stanch hound,
The steed neighs to the sound,
And the floods and the valleys reply.

Our forefathers so good
Proved their greatness of blood,
By encountering the pard and the boar;
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urged the chase,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd;
Though in life's busy day
Man of man makes a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chase in full sight,
Gods, how great the delight!
How our mutual sensations refine!
Where is care? where is fear?
Like the winds in the rear;
And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse, my brave boys;
Lo, each pants for the joys
That anon shall enliven the whole;
Then at eve we'll dismount,
Toils and pleasures recount,
And renew the chase over the bowl.

THE WORLD IS ALL NONSENSE.

The world is all nonsense and noise,
Fantoccini, or Ombres Chinoises,
Mere pantomime mummery,
Puppetshow flummery,
A magical lanthorn confounding the sight;
Like players or puppets we move,
On the wires of ambition and love:
Poets write wittily,
Maidens look prettily,
Till death drops the curtain—all's over—good night!

WHAT IS A WOMAN LIKE?

A woman is like to—but stay—
What a woman is like who can say?
There's no living with or without one.
Love bites like a fly,
Now an ear, now an eye,
Buzz, buzz, always buzzing about one.
When she's tender and kind,
She is like to my mind
(And Fanny was so I remember,)
She's like to—Oh, dear!
She's as good, very near,
As a ripe melting peach in September.

If she laugh and she chat,
Play, joke, and all that,
And with smiles and good humour she meet me;
She's like a rich dish
Of venison or fish,
That cries from the table, Come, eat me!
But she'll plague you, and vex you,
Distract and perplex you;
False-hearted and ranging,—
Unsettled and changing:
What, then, do you think she is like?
Like a sand? like a rock?
Like a wheel? like a clock?
Ay, a clock that is always at strike.
Her head's like the island folks tell on:
Which nothing but monkeys can dwell on:
Her heart's like a lemon—so nice,
She carves for each lover a slice:
In truth she's to me,
Like the wind, like the sea,
Whose raging will hearken to no man;
Like a mill, like a pill,
Like a flail, like a whale,
Like an ass, like a glass,
Whose image is constant to no man;
Like a flower, like a shower,
Like a fly, like a pie,
Like a pea, like a flea,
Like a thief, like—in brief,
She's like nothing on earth—but a woman!

PRINCE HOARE.

ENCOMPASS'D IN AN ANGEL'S FRAME.

Encompass'd in an angel's frame
An angel's virtues lay;
Too soon did Heaven assert the claim,
And call'd its own away.

My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms
  Must never more return;
What now shall fill these widow'd arms:
  Ah, me!—my Anna's urn.

Can I forget that bliss refined,
  Which bless'd when her I knew?
Our hearts, in sacred bonds entwined,
  Were bound by love too true.
The rural train, which once were used
  In festive dance to turn,
So pleased when Anna they amused,
  Now, weeping, deck her urn.

The soul escaping from its chain,
  She clasp'd me to her breast;
"To part with thee is all my pain!"
  She cried—then sunk to rest.
While memory shall her seat retain,
  From beauteous Anna torn,
My heart shall breathe its ceaseless strain
  Of sorrow o'er her urn.

There, with the earliest dawn, a dove
  Laments her murder'd mate;
There Philomela, lost to love,
  Tells the pale moon her fate.
With yew and ivy round me spread,
  My Anna there I'll mourn;
For all my soul—now she is dead,
  Concentres in her urn.

GEN. BURGOYNE.

I WAS THE BOY.

I WAS the boy for bewitching 'em,
  Whether good humour'd or coy;
All cried, when I was beseeching 'em,
  Do what you will with me, joy.

Daughters, be cautious and steady,
Mammies would cry out for fear;
Won't you take care, now, of Teddy?
Oh! he's the devil, my dear!
For I was the boy for bewitching 'em, &c.

From every quarter I gather'd 'em,
Very few rivals had I;
If I found any, I leather'd 'em,
That made 'em plaguily shy.
Pat Mooney my Shelah once meeting,
I twigg'd him beginning his clack:
Says he, at my heart I've a beating,
Says I, then take one at your back.
For I'm the boy for bewitching 'em &c.

Many a lass that would fly away,
When other wooers but spoke;
Once if I look'd her a die-away,
There was an end of the joke.
Beauties, no matter how cruel,
Hundreds of lads though they cross'd,
When I came nigh to them, jewel,
Melted like mud in a frost.
For I was the boy for bewitching 'em, &c.

KENNY.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of chrystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill;
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still:—

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Ovoca! how calm could I rest,
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best;
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

T. MOORE.

LET OTHERS BREATHE.

Let others breathe the melting sigh,
And swear they love to madness;
To them I leave the tearful eye,
And all love's sober sadness.
No tender vows and prayers are mine,
But this I swear sincerely,
While truth and honest love are thine,
I'll love thee ever dearly.

Then, lady, though I scorn the wiles
Which love too oft discovers,
Ne'er spurn the heart that woos in smiles,
For smiles were made for lovers;
And though his tender vows are mine,
Yet this I swear, &c.

ARNOLD.

DESERTED BY THE WANING MOON.

Deserted by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
On tower, or fort, or tented ground,
The sentry walks his lonely round:

And should a footstep haply stray
Where caution marks the guarded way—
Who goes there? stranger, quickly tell;
A friend—a friend—good night—all's well.

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
While weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patroles the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck:
And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
Some well known voice salutes his ear—
What cheer! oh! brother, quickly tell,
Above!—below!—good night!—all's well.

T. DIBDIN.

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

Young Love flew to the Paphian bower,
And gather'd sweets from many a flower,
From roses and sweet jessamine,
The lily and the eglantine;
The Graces there were culling posies,
And found young Love among the roses.

Oh happy day! O joyous hour!
Compose a wreath from every flower;
Let's bind him to us, ne'er to sever,
Young Love shall dwell with us for ever:
Eternal spring the wreath composes,
Content to live among the roses.
Young Love among the roses, &c.

THE MAIL COACH.

Come, listen to my story,
Now seated in my glory,
We make no longer stay;
A bottle of good sherry
Has made us all quite merry,
Let Momus rule the day—

We hearty all and well are,
Drive to the White Horse Cellar,
  Get a snack before we go—
Bring me a leg of mutton,
I'm as hungry as a glutton,
  Some gravy soup—hollo!

Spoken.] Why, waiter—coming, sir,—Make haste, do; I shall lose my place!—Coming in a moment, sir, just take care of No. 1.—Ten minutes good yet, sir. —I hope your honour will remember honest Dick the hostler.—Remember! damme, I shall never forget you.—Why, waiter, and be damn'd to you, is my soup ready?—Just put on the gridiron.—Joseph, vill you let me have some table beer!—Just put into the pot, ma'am.—Waiter.—Sir.—Are my steaks ready? —No, Sir; but your chops are.—Any passengers for the Glo'ster Mail?—Yes, young man, I'm going by the Glo'ster Mail, the moment I can get my change. —Can't wait for your change: if I'm not at Lombard Street by seven o'clock to receive the bags, I shall get pull'd over the coals. (*Horn.*)

Away, away, we rattle,
Such crowds of men and cattle;
Crack whip, they dash away,
They dash away, they dash away.

What a cavalcade of coaches
On every side approaches.
  What work for man and beast!
To have a little drop, sir,
We first of all must stop, sir,
  Then afterwards make haste;
I mount—the whip I crack now,
All bustle what a pack now
  On every side approach;
Now making sad grimaces,
All for the want of places,
  They cry—I've lost the coach.

Spoken.] How's this? I'm sure my name was book'd.—Very likely, ma'am, but not here.—Mr. Coachman, any room for two females?—None at all for females; this is a *male* coach. (*Laugh.*) Tie a handkerchief round your neck, Billy.—Yes, papa; give my duty to grandmama.—I will, my love.—Good bye, papa.—Good bye, my love.—All right behind, cut 'em along. (*Horn.*)

Away, away, we rattle, &c.

Four in hand from Picadilly,
Now seated in the dilly,
  Off we scamper all;
What merry wags and railers,
What jolly dogs and sailors,
  Begun to sing and bawl.
From every place we start now,
Some company depart now,
  And others come, no doubt;
For plenty there's of room now,
And any one may come now,
  Four insides and one out.

Spoken.] I say, you lobster at the helm, have you got any room aboard?—Plenty of room, my jolly masters; there's only four inside and a fat common-councilman.—You've put my trunk into the wrong coach.—Never mind, ma'am; we shall soon overtake it.—Pray, madam, an't you sitting on my Welch wig?—Hold your tongue, you noisy brute you; you've awoke me out of a comfortable nap.—Keep the windows up; I've caught cold and got a stiff neck.—Now, if you please, sir, we'll settle legs.—Mit all my shoul, madam.—Hollo! misses, you can't have that there parrot inside; one tongue's enough for a female.—Take care of your heads (*Whip*), and hit 'em twice in a place. (*Horn.*)

Away, away, we rattle, &c.

MOULINE'S MARIA.

'Twas near a thicket's calm retreat,
  Under a poplar tree,
Maria chose her wretched seat,
  To mourn her sorrows free.
Her lovely form was sweet to view,
  As dawn at opening day;
But, ah! she mourn'd her love untrue,
  And wept her cares away.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,
  In murmurs smooth along;
Her pipe, which once she tuned most sweet,
  Had now forgot its song.
No more to charm the vale she tries,
  For grief has fill'd her breast;
Those joys which once she used to prize,
  But love has robb'd her rest.

Poor helpless maid, who can behold
  Thy sorrows so severe,
And hear thy lovelorn story told,
  Without a falling tear?
Maria, luckless maid, adieu!
  Thy sorrows soon must cease;
For Heaven will take a maid so true
  To everlasting peace.

HE WAS FAMED.

He was famed for deeds of arms,
She a maid of envied charms;
Now to him her love imparts,
One pure flame pervades both hearts:
Honour calls him to the field,
Love to conquest now must yield;
Sweet maid! he cries, again I'll come to thee,
When the glad trumpet sounds a victory.

Battle now with fury glows!
Hostile blood in torrents flows!
His duty tells him to depart,
She press'd the hero to her heart.
And now the trumpet sounds to arms!
And now the clash of war's alarms!
Sweet maid! he cries, again I'll come to thee,
When the glad trumpet sounds a victory.

He with love and conquest burns,
Both subdue his mind by turns;
Death the soldier now enthralls!
With his wounds the hero falls!
She, disdaining war's alarms,
Rush'd and caught him in her arms!
O death! he cried, thou'rt welcome now to me!
For, hark! the glad trumpet sounds a victory.

CHERRY.

DOES THE HARP OF ROSA.

Does the harp of Rosa slumber?
Once it breathed the sweetest number.
Never did a wilder song
Steal the breezy lyre along.
When the wind, in odours dying,
Woos it with enamour'd sighing.

Does the harp of Rosa cease?
Once it told a tale of peace
To her lover's throbbing breast;
Then he was divinely bless'd!
Ah! but Rosa loves no more,
Therefore Rosa's song is o'er,
And her boy forgotten sighs,
And her harp neglected lies.
Silent harp, forgotten lover,
Rosa's love and song are over!

T. MOORE.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
  The mainmast by the board;
My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
  And love well stored,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
  The roaring winds, the raging sea,
    In hopes on shore
    To be once more
  Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
  The whistling winds that scud along,
And the surge roaring from below,
    Shall my signal be,
    To think on thee,
  And this shall be my song;
                Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew
  The memory of their former lives
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
  And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a sigh and think on thee;
And, as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burthen of my song shall be—
                Blow high, blow low, &c.

DIBDIN.

FROM THEE, ELIZA.

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
  And from my native shore;
The cruel fates between us throw
  A boundless ocean's roar;

But boundless oceans, roaring wide
  Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
  My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
  The maid that I adore;
A boding voice is in my ear,
  We part to meet no more!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
  While Death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
  And thine that latest sigh!

BURNS.

O! NOTHING IN LIFE.

O, NOTHING in life can sadden us,
  While we have wine and good humour in store;
That, and a little of love so madden us,
  Say, Where is the fool that can labour for more?
Come, then, bid Ganymede fill every bowl, for you,
  Fill up a brimmer and drink as I call;
I am going to toast every nymph of my soul, to you,
  Ay, by my soul, I'm in love with them all.
Dear creatures, we can't do without 'em,
  They're all that is sweet and seducing to man;
Coaxing, sighing about and about them,
  We dote on them, die for them, all that we can.

Here's to Phillis, whose innocent bosom
  Is always agog for some novel desires;
To-day to get lovers, to-morrow to lose 'em,
  Is all that the innocent Phillis requires.
Here's to the gay little Jessy, that simpers
  So vastly good humour'd, whatever is done;
She'll kiss you, and that without whining or
    whimpers,
And do what she will with you all the day long.
    Dear creatures, we can't, &c.

A bumper to Fanny; I know that you'll scorn her,
Because she's a prude, and her nose is so curl'd;
But if ever you chatted with Fan in a corner,
You'd say she's the best little girl in the world.
Another! to Lydia, still struggling with duty,
And asking her conscience still whether she should,
While her eyes, in the silent confession of beauty,
Say, only for something I certainly would.
Dear creatures, we can't, &c.

Fill for Chloe, bewitchingly simple,
Who angles the heart without knowing its lure;
Still wounding around with a blush or a dimple,
Nor seeming to feel that she also can cure.
Here's pious Susan, that saint, that alone, sir,
Could ever have made me religious outright;
For had I such a dear little saint of my own, sir,
I'd down on my knees to her all the long night.
Dear creatures, we can't, &c.

T. MOORE.

DEAR BUSY BEE.

Dear busy bee, through nature flying,
Shouldst thou behold the maid I love,
Steal to her breast, and, gently sighing,
Taste what I dare not, must not prove:
Catch in the fluttering of thy pinion
Sighs which are breathed for her alone;
Say that, prefering her dominion,
Love on my heart has fix'd his throne.

Should she, too careless of her lover,
Smile on the flattering circle round,
And by her eyes a joy discover
When in her ear their praises sound,
Rise on thy wing in pity to me;
Hum round the dear deluded maid;
Break by thy voice what might undo me,
Stifle each sentence falsehood made.

Still if, ensnared by giddy fashion,
  Spite of thy care and buzzing wing,
Strangers encroach upon my passion,
  Perch on her lips, and wet thy sting!
Guard, if thou canst, the balmy treasure
  Which to those lips the loves impart,
Punish each wretch with vengeful pleasure,
  Teach him to trespass on my heart.

CAPTAIN JAMES.

CHARMS OF THE WORLD.

Charms of the world, your wizard spell
  On me no power can prove:
Ambition, pleasure, wealth, farewell,
  I give you all for love.

When first the infant Eden smiled,
  A rose's breath the air,
The garden world was but a wild,
  Sweet woman was not there.
    Charms of the world, &c.

But when from Paradise to rove,
  Our erring race was driven,
One faithful exile, woman's love,
  Made banishment a heaven.
    Charms of the world, &c.

J. P. KEMBLE.

WHAT A BEAUTY I DID GROW.

When I was a little boy,
  Some fifteen years ago,
I was the pride of my mammy,
  Lord! she made me quite a show.
    Such a beauty I did grow.

I'd red straight hair and goggle eyes,
  And such a roguish leer;
A large flat nose, and mouth
  That reach'd from ear to ear.
    Such a beauty, &c.

My mammy doted on me,
  And when my mouth she'd fill,
For fear she'd spoil it with a spoon,
  She fed me with a quill.
    Such a beauty, &c.

And when that I could run alone,
  Stock still I never stood;
The ducks were my companions,
  As I waddled through the mud.
    Such a beauty, &c.

Then I learned to be musical,
  And got off songs so pat,
I could grunt bass like any pig,
  Mew treble like a cat
    Such a beauty, &c.

Then I went to a dancing school,
  For to be finish'd there,
And they said I danced a minuet
  As graceful as a bear.
    Such a beauty, &c.

With a mountebank a candidate,
  I beat them all quite hollow,
And I won this pretty gold laced hat
  By grinning through a collar.
    Such a beauty, &c.

My name is Tommy Herring,
  As every body knows,
And they stick me in the barley fields.
  To frighten off the crows.
    Such a beauty &c.

JEAN ANDERSON, MY JO.

When Nature first began, Jean,
  To try her cannie hand,
It's true she first made man, Jean,
  And gae' him great command;
But naething wad content him, Jean,
  Tho' king o' a' below,
Till Heaven in pity sent him, Jean,
  What maist he wish'd—a jo!

Tho' some may say I'm auld, Jean,
  An' say the same o' thee,
Ne'er fret to hear it tauld, Jean,
  You still look young to me:
An' weel I mind the day, Jean,
  Your breast was white as snow,
An' waist sae jimp, ane might it span,—
  Jean Anderson, my jo!

Our bonny bairns' bairns, Jean,
  Wi' rapture do I see,
Come toddlin' to the fireside,
  Or sit upon my knee:
If there is pleasure here, Jean,
  Or happiness below,
This surely maun be likest it,
  Jean Anderson, my jo!

Though age has sillar'd owre my pow,
  Sin' we were first acquent,
An' changed my glossy raven lock,
  It's left us still content;
An' eld ne'er comes alane, Jean,
  But aft brings many a wo,
Yet we've nae cause for sic complaint,
  Jean Anderson, my jo!

In innocence we've spent our days,
  An' pleasant looks the past;
Nae anxious thoughts alarm us,
  We're cheerfu' to the last;
'Till death knock at our door, Jean,
  And warn us baith to go,
Contented we will live an' love,
  Jean Anderson, my jo!

It's now a lang, lang time, Jean,
  Sin' you an' I begun
To sprachel up life's hill, Jean;
  Our race is nearly run;
We baith hae done our best, Jean,
  Our sun is wearin' low;
Sae let us quietly sink to rest,
  Jean Anderson, my jo!

I'LL TO MY LOVE PROVE TRUE.

Oh, no! though rank and riches sue,
  And poor and humble he—
I'll ne'er prove to my love untrue,
  My world—my all to me!
For, oh! when all the world desert,
  And life's fair scenes grow dim,
Then is the time a wife should prove
  The world and all to him!
    There's love, and friends, and kindred too,
      In wedlock's unity—
    And still I'll to my love prove true,
      As he proved true to me!

Around the hallow'd name of wife
  Glide rapture, truth, and health—
Her breast your pillow—arms your home—
  Her heart your dearest wealth!

Friends may betray—and love prove false—
As clouds appear in view—
But let fate frown, and fortune lower—
Your wife will still prove true,
There's love &c.

MY HIGHLAND HOME.

My Highland home, where tempests blow,
And cold thy wintry looks;
Thy mountain's crown'd wi' driven snow,
And icebound are thy brooks:
But colder far's the Briton's heart,
However far he roam,
To whom these words no joy impart,
My native Highland home!
Then gang wi' me to Scotland dear,
We ne'er again will roam;
And, with thy smile so bonny, cheer
My native Highland home.

When summer comes, the heather bell
Shall tempt thy feet to rove;
The cushat-dove within the dell
Invites to peace and love:
For blithsome is the break of day,
And sweet's the bonny broom,
And pure the dimpling rills that play
Around my Highland home.
Then gang wi' me to Scotland, &c.

MORTON.

THE FALL OF ALGIERS.

When France was subdued, and in dust laid her power,
England hoped that her triumph long peace would restore;
But a barbarous foe, in an insolent hour,
Drew down her just vengeance to punish the Moor.

For the trident of England shall still rule the wave,
To protect the oppress'd and enfranchise the slave!

The infidels thought, when dismantled her fleet,
And her seamen return'd, and dispersed on her shores,
That the spoils of the main would soon lie at their feet,
And no flag rule the sea but the flag of the Moors!

Humanity sigh'd to see Afric enslave
The Christians that Fortune had thrown in her hand;
And Europe might blush to behold on the wave
A pirate that plunder'd both ocean and land!

To England the nations appeal in their fears,
And when did they ask for protection in vain?
For Exmouth, in thunder, bore down on Algiers,
To make the Moors yield to the Lords of the Main!

Like lightning he split every moon-crested tower,
And with flames swept their plundering ships from the sea;
He humbled the Dey, who bent low to his power,
And set all the Christians from slavery free!
For the trident, &c.

WHEN THE ROSE-BUD.

When the rose-bud of summer, its beauty bestowing,
On winter's rude banks all its sweetness shall pour,
And the sunshine of day in night's darkness be glowing,
O! then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.

When of hope the last spark, which thy smile loved to cherish,
In my bosom shall die, and its splendour be o'er,
And the pulse of that heart which adores you shall perish,
Oh! then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.

T. MOORE.

THIS LIFE IS LIKE.

This life is like a troubled sea,
Where, helm a-weather or a-lee,
The ship will neither stay nor wear,
But drives, of every rock in fear:
All seamanship in vain we try,
We cannot keep her steadily;
But, just as fortune's wind may blow,
The vessel's tossed to and fro:
Yet, come but love on board,
Our hearts with pleasure stored,
No storm can overwhelm;
  Still blows in vain
  The hurricane,
While he is at the helm.

DIBDIN.

ANACREON, THEY SAY.

Anacreon, they say, was a jolly old blade,
A Grecian choice spirit, and poet by trade;
To Venus and Bacchus he tuned up his lays;
For love and a bumper he sung all his days.

He laugh'd as he quaff'd still the juice of the vine,
And, though he was human, was look'd on divine:
At the feast of good humour he always was there,
And his fancy and sonnets still banish'd dull care.

Good wine, boys, says he, is the liquor of Jove,
'Tis our comfort below, and their nectar above:
Then, while round the table the bumper we pass,
Let the toast be to Venus and each smiling lass.

Apollo may torment his catgut or wire,
Yet Bacchus and Beauty the theme must inspire:
Or else all his humming and strumming is vain,
The true joys of heaven he'd never obtain.

To love and be loved, how transporting the bliss,
While the heart-cheering glass gives a zest to each kiss
With Bacchus and Venus we'll ever combine;
For drinking and kissing are pleasures divine.

As sons of Anacreon then let us be gay,
With drinking and love pass the moments away;
With wine and with beauty let's fill up the span,
For that's the best method, deny it who can.

COME, OLD TIME.

Come, old Time, and use thy sickle,
Life's a weight I cannot bear;
Cares are constant, fortune fickle,
And our joys but trifles are.

Friends are shadows that deceive us,
In our wants they disappear;
The world's too base for Heaven to give us
Any real blessings here.

THORNE.

COME, ALL YOU MAIDS.

Come, all you maids, who fain would—marry,
Learn, learn of me the way to—choose;
Rather by half till doomsday—tarry,
Than beauty on an old man—lose.
Ah! tell me, how can wrinkles—charm you?
What joys can age excite or—prove?
Let, then, your dangerous state—alarm you,
And choose a young man, that can—love.

An old man always will be—wheezing,
No feeling, hearing, taste, or—sight;
A young man always will be—pleasing,
Sprightly all day, and kind at—night.
Ah! tell me, how, &c.

DIBDIN.

DISTRESS ME WITH THESE TEARS.

Distress me with these tears no more;
One kiss, my girl, and then adieu!
The last boat destined for the shore
Waits, dearest girl, alone for you.
Soon, soon, before the light winds borne,
Shall I be sever'd from your sight;
You left the lonely hours to mourn,
And weep through many a stormy night.

When far along the restless deep,
In trim array, the ship shall steer,
Your form remembrance still shall keep,
Your worth affection still revere;
And, with the distance from your eyes,
My love for you shall be increased;
As to the pole the needle lies,
And farthest off still varies least.

While round the bowl the jovial crew
Shall sing of triumphs on the main,
My thoughts shall fondly turn to you,
Of you alone shall be my strain;
And when we've bow'd the leaguing foe;
Revengeful of our country's wrong,
Returning home, my heart shall show
No fiction graced my artless song.

LOVE AND GLORY.

Young Henry was as brave a youth
As ever graced a martial story;
And Jane was fair as lovely truth:
She sigh'd for love, and he for glory.

With her his faith he meant to plight,
And told her many a gallant story,
Till war, their honest joys to blight,
Call'd him away, from love to glory.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride,
Jane follow'd, fought—ah! hapless story!—
In man's attire, by Henry's side:
She died for love, and he for glory.

DIBDIN.

DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE VALE.

Dear is my little native vale!
The ring-dove builds and warbles there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager;
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurels weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet dance in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay,
Sung in the silent greenwood shade:
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

ROGERS.

THE THRASHER.

Can any king be half so great,
So kind, so good as I?
I give the hungry food to eat,
And liquor to the dry.

My labour's hard, but still 'tis sweet,
And easy to endure;
For, while I toil to thrash the wheat,
I comfort rich and poor:
And I merrily sing, as I swing round the flail,
My reward, when work's over, a mug of brown ale.

If from the wheat the bread is born,
Our miseries to cheer,
'Tis merry Sir John Barleycorn
Supplies us with his beer;
Besides, while thus I thrash the corn,
Our pleasure to ensure,
I for my neighbours' good was born
A baker and a brewer:
For I bake and I brew, as I swing round the flail,
To provide them with bread and a mug of brown ale.

'Tis for myself, when all is said,
I work thus with such glee;
For, if for others I make bread,
My labour's bread to me.
For others' mouths I must provide,
My children must be fed;
My wife, and some sick friend beside,
Who cannot earn his bread.
With these notions I merrily swing round the flail,
My reward, when work's over, a mug of brown ale.

And when my mortal race is near run,
All toil and labour vain,
A jolly thrasher shall my son
His crazy dad maintain.
Thus will I work, and laugh, and sing,
And at my thrashing toil,
Unless I'm call'd on by my king
To guard my native soil:
Then, accustom'd to thrashing, I'll swing round the flail,
And thrash the proud foe, for a mug of brown ale.

A CHIEFTAIN TO THE HIGHLANDS.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
  Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry;
And I'll give thee a silver pound
  To row me o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
  Across this stormy water?"
"Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
  And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And, fast before her father's men,
  Three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
  My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
  Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
  When they have slain her lover?"

Out spake the hardy Highland wight,
  "I'll go, my chief, I'm ready;
And 'tis not for your silver bright,
  But for your winsome lady.

"And, by my word, the bonny bird
  In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
  I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
  The water-wraith was shrieking,
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face
  Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
  And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
  Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh! haste thee, haste," the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd, amidst the roar
Of waters round prevailing,
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd through storm and shade,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover!

"Come back, come back," he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter: oh, my daughter?"

'Twas vain—the loud wave lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

CAMPBELL.

LOVE HAS EYES.

Love's blind they say—
O! never nay,
Can words Love's grace impart;
The fancy, weak,
The tongue may speak,
But eyes alone the heart:
In one soft look what language lies!
O! yes, believe me, Love has eyes.

Love's wing'd, they cry—
O! never, I—
No—pinions love to soar;
Deceivers rove,
But never Love,
Attach'd he moves no more:
Can he have wings who never flies?
And yes, believe me, Love has eyes.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh! then remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thy ear is sweetest,
Oh! still remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be:
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest,
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me;
Think, when home returning,
Oft we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me!
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On her lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee;
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee lying,
Autumn leaves are dying,
Oh! then remember me;
And, at home, when gazing
On the clear hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me!
Then, should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee,
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,
Oh! then remember me. T.

HOW STANDS THE GLASS?

How stands the glass around?
For shame, ye take no care, my boys;
How stands the glass around?
Let mirth and wine abound.
The trumpets sound,
The colours they are flying, boys,
To fight, kill, or wound;
May we still be found,
Content with our hard fate, my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why,
Whose business 'tis to die?
What—sighing? fie!
Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys;
'Tis he, you, or I,
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain
(I mean not to upbraid you, boys,)
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain:
Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain;
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again.

THERE WAS A MAN.

There was a man, though it's not very common,
And, as people say, he was born of a woman;
And, if it be true, as I have been told,
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.
Derry down.

His face was the oldest that ever was seen,
His mouth stood across, 'twixt his nose and his chin.
Whenever he spoke it was then with his voice,
And in talking he always made some sort of noise.

He'd an arm on each side to work when he pleased,
But he never work'd hard when he lived at his ease;
Two legs he had got to make him complete,
And, what was more odd, at each end were his feet.

His legs, as folks say, he could move at his will,
And when he was walking he never stood still;
If you were to see him, you'd laugh till you'd burst
For one leg or t'other would always be first.

And, as people say, if you gave him some meat,
Why, if he was hungry, he surely would eat;
And when he is dry, if you give him the pot,
The liquor most commonly runs down his throat.

If this whimsical fellow had a river to cross,
If he could not get over, he stay'd where he was;
He seldom or ever got off the dry ground,
So great was his luck that he never was drown'd.

Another misfortune befel this poor yeoman,
For when he was married his wife was a woman;
And, if you believe me, though he was reviled,
You may truly aver he was never with child.

And, if it be true, as I have heard tell,
When he was sick, he was not very well;
He gave a large gasp, open'd his mouth so wide,
By some means or other, this poor fellow died.

But the reason he died and the cause of his death
Was, poor soul! for the want of more breath:
And now he is left in the grave for to moulder,
Had he lived a day longer, he'd been a day older.

SORROW'S A SNIVELING BOY.

Sorrow's a sniveling boy,
  Corporal Care's a bore,
I'm for General Joy,
  His is a light hearted corps.
  Sing fal de ral, &c.

Gaily my knapsack I slung,
  Marching where bullets flew fast,
As loud as they whistled I sung,
  And home I came merry at last.
  Sing fal de ral, &c.

GILES SCROGGINS.

Giles Scroggins courted Molly Brown,
  Fol deriddle lol, fol deriddle lido;
The fairest wench in all the town,
  Fol deriddle lol, &c.
He bought her a ring with posy true:
"If you loves I as I loves you,
"No knife can cut our love in two."
  Fol deriddle lol, &c.

But scissors cuts as well as knives,
  Fol deriddle lol, &c.
And quite unsartin's all our lives,
  Fol deriddle lol, &c.
The day they were to have been wed,
Fate's scissors cut poor Giles' thread,
So they could not be mar-ri-ed.
  Fol deriddle lol, &c.

Poor Molly laid her down to weep,
  Fol deriddle lol, &c.
And cried herself quite fast asleep,
  Fol deriddle lol, &c.
When, standing all by the bed-post,
A figure tall her sight engross'd,
  And it cried, I beez Giles Scroggins' ghost.
  Fol deriddle lol, &c.

The ghost it said, all solemnly,
  Fol deriddle lol, &c.
O Molly, you must go with I!
  Fol deriddle lol, &c.
All to the grave, your love to cool.
She says, I am not dead, you fool!
Says the Ghost, says he, Vy, that's no rule!
  Fol deriddle lol, &c.

The ghost he seized her all so grim,
  Fol deriddle lol, &c.
All for to go along with him,
  Fol deriddle lol, &c
Come, come, said he, ere morning beam,
I von't, said she, and she scream'd a scream,
Then she woke, and found she dream'd a dream.
  Fol deriddle lol, &c.

HERE'S A HEALTH.

Here's a health to all good lasses,
Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses,
  Let the bumper toast go round.
May they live a life of pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
  For with them true joys are found.

GLORIOUS APOLLO.

Glorious Apollo from on high beheld us,
  Wandering to find a temple for his praise,
Sent Polyhymnia hither to shield us,
  Whilst we ourselves such a structure might raise.
    Thus then combining,
    Hands and hearts joining,
  Sing we in harmony Apollo's praise.

Here every generous sentiment awaking,
  Music inspiring unity and joy,
Each social pleasure giving and partaking,
  Glee and good humour our hours employ.
    Thus then combining,
    Hands and hearts joining,
  Long may continue our unity and joy.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty paw,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When nature first began
To try her cannie hand, John,
Her masterwork was man;
And you among them a' John,
Sae trig frae tap to toe,
She proved to be nae journie work,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Ye wer' my first conceit,
An' ye need na think it strange, John,
Tho' I ca' ye trim an' neat;
Tho' some folks say ye're auld, John,
I never think ye so,
But I think ye're aye the same to me,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We've seen our bairns' bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderson,
I'm happy in your arms;
And sae are ye in mine, John—
I'm sure yell ne'er say no,
Tho' the days are gane that ye ha' seen,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
  What pleasure does it gie,
To see sae mony sprouts, John,
  Spring up 'tween you and me;
And ilka lad and lass, John,
  In our footsteps to go,
Make perfect heaven here on earth,
  John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
  Frae year to year we've pass'd,
And soon that year maun come, John,
  Will bring us to our last:
But let na that affright us, John,
  Our hearts were ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we lived,
  John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
  We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
  We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
  But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
  John Anderson, my jo. BURNS.

GIVE ISAAC THE NYMPH.

Give Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,
But health and good humour to make her his toast;
If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat,
And six feet or four, we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion, I vow I don't care;
If brown, it is lasting, more pleasing if fair:
And, though in her face I no dimples should see,
Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes may be e'en any colour but green;
Be they light, gray, or black, their lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice, only let her have two.

'Tis true, I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
And white teeth, I own, are genteeler than black;
A little round chin is a beauty, I've heard,
But I only desire she mayn't have a beard.

SHERIDAN.

THE STORM.

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer,
List ye landsmen all to me;
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea:
From bounding billows first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling—
By topsail sheets and haulyards stand—
Down topgallants quick be hauling—
Down your staysails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces,—
Now the topsailsheets let go—
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces—
To your topsails nimbly clew.

Now all you at home in safety,
Shelter'd from the howling storm,
Tasting joys by Heaven vouchsafed ye,
Of our state vain notions form.
Round us roars the tempest louder,
Think what fear our minds enthralls;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,—
Now again the boatswain calls!

The topsailyards point to the wind, boys;
  See all clear to reef each course—
Let the foresheet go—don't mind, boys,
  Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the spritsail yard get—
  Reef the mizen—see all clear—
Hands up, each preventer brace set—
  Man the foreyard—cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
  Peal on peal, contending, clash:
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
  In our eyes blue lightnings flash:
One wide water all around us,
  All above us one black sky;
Different deaths at once surround us—
  Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone! cries every tongue out,
  O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out—
  Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces—
  Come, my hearts, be stout and bold!
Plumb the well—the leak increases—
  Four feet water in the hold!

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
  We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
  Alas! to them there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us,
  Both chain-pumps are choked below;
Heaven have mercy here upon us!
  For only that can save us now.

O'er the lea-beam is the land, boys—
  Let the guns o'erboard be thrown—
To the pump come, every hand, boys—
  See our mizenmast is gone.

The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
  We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up and rig a jury-foremast—
  She rights!—she rights! boys—wear off shore.

Now, once more, peace round us beaming,
  Since kind Heaven has saved our lives,
From our eyes joy's tears are streaming,
  For our children and our wives;
Grateful hearts now beat in wonder
  To him who thus prolongs our days;—
Hush'd to rest the mighty thunder,
  Every voice bursts forth in praise.

G. A. STEVENS.

THE SOLDIER TIRED.

The soldier, tired of war's alarms,
Forswears the clang of hostile arms,
  And scorns the spear and shield;
But if the brazen trumpet sound,
He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
  And dares again the field.

WHEN VULCAN FORGED.

When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove,
  In Etna's roaring glow,
Neptune petition'd he might prove
  Their use and power below;
But, finding in the boundless deep
Such thunders would but idly sleep,
He with them arm'd Britannia's hand,
To guard from foes her native land.

Long may she hold the awful right,
  And when, through circling flame,
She darts her vengeance in the fight,
  May justice guide her aim:

And, when assail'd in future wars,
Her soldiers brave and gallant tars
Shall launch her fires, from every hand,
On every foe to Britain's land.

WILL WATCH.

'Twas one morn, when the wind from the northward blew keenly,
When sullenly roar'd the big waves of the main,
A famed smuggler, Will Watch, kiss'd his Sue, then serenely
Took the helm, and to sea boldly steer'd out again.
Will had promised his Sue that this trip, if well ended,
Should coil up his hopes, and he'd anchor on shore:
When his pockets were lined, why his life should be mended;
The laws he had broken he'd never break more.

His sea-boat was trim, made her port, took her lading,
Then Will stood for home, reach'd the offing, and cried,
This night, if I've luck, furls the sails of my trading,
In dock I can lay, serve a friend too beside.
Will lay to till the night came on darksome and dreary,
To crowd every sail then he piped up each hand;
But a signal soon spied, 'twas a prospect uncheery,
A signal that warn'd him to bear from the land.

The Philistines are out, cries Will, we'll take no heed on't,
Attack'd, who's the man that will flinch from his gun?
Should my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the need on't,
We'll fight while we can, when we can't, boys, we'll run.

Through the haze of the night, a bright flash now appearing,
Oh! now, cries Will Watch, the Philistines bear down;
Bear a hand, my tight lads, ere we think about sheering,
One broadside pour in, should we swim, boys, or drown.

But should I be popp'd off, you, my mates, left behind me,
Regard my last words, see 'em kindly obeyed;
Let no stone mark the spot, and, my friends, do you mind me,
Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch would be laid.
Poor Will's yarn was spun out—for a bullet next minute
Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke more;
His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remain'd in it,
Then sheer'd—and Will's hulk to his Susan they bore.

In the dead of the night his last wish was compliled with,
To few known his grave, and to few known his end;
He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died with,
He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of each friend.
Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly bellow;
Yon ash, struck with lightning, points out the cold bed,
Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that famed lawless fellow,
Once fear'd, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the dead.

I'VE KISS'D AND IV'E PRATTLED.

I've kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty fair maids,
  And changed them as oft, do you see?
But, of all the gay lasses that sport on the green,
  The maid of the mill for me.

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,
  And call'd me the fairest she;
But, of all the young men that danced on the green,
  Young Harry's the lad for me.

Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge,
  Her cheeks like the blossoms in May;
Her teeth are as white as the new-shorn flock,
  Her breath like the new-made hay.

He's tall and he's straight as the poplar tree,
  His cheeks as red as the rose;
He looks like a squire of high degree,
  When dress'd in his Sunday clothes.

MRS. BROOKE.

WATER PARTED FROM THE SEA.

Water parted from the sea
  May increase the river's tide;
To the bubbling fount may flee,
  Or through fertile valleys glide.

Yet, in search of lost repose,
  Doom'd like me forlorn to roam;
Still it murmurs as it flows,
  Till it reach its native home.

ARNE.

TOM STARBOARD.

Tom Starboard was a lover true,
  As brave a tar as ever sail'd;
The duties ablest seamen do
  Tom did, and never yet had fail'd.
But, wreck'd as he was homeward bound,
  Within a league of England's coast,
Love saved him sure from being drown'd,
  For more than half the crew were lost.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear;
  Nay, when he lost an arm, resign'd,
Said, love for Nan, his only dear,
  Had saved his life, and Fate was kind:
And now, though wreck'd, yet Tom, return'd,
  Of all past dangers made a joke;
For still his manly bosom burn'd
  With love—his heart was heart of oak.

His strength restored, Tom nobly ran
  To cheer his Nan, his destined bride;
But false report had brought to Nan,
  Six months before, that Tom had died.
With grief she daily pined away,
  No remedy her life could save;
And Tom return'd—the very day,
  They laid his Nancy in the grave. T. KNIGHT

THE BAY OF BISCAY, O!

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder!
  The rain a deluge showers!
The clouds were rent asunder
  By lightning's vivid powers!
The night both drear and dark,
  Our poor devoted bark,
    Till next day,
    There she lay,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now dash'd upon the billow,
  Our opening timbers creak;
Each fears a watery pillow,
  None stops the dreadful leak!
To cling to slippery shrouds,
Each breathless seaman crowds,
    As she lay,
    Till the day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wish'd for morrow
  Broke through the hazy sky;
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
  Each heaved a bitter sigh:
The dismal wreck to view
Struck horror to the crew,
    As she lay,
    On that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
  Her pitchy seams are rent,
When Heaven, all bounteous ever,
  Its boundless mercy sent:
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers!
    Now we sail,
    With the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay, O!

PRINCE HOARE

THE VOICE OF HER I LOVE.

How sweet, at close of silent eve,
  The harp's responsive sound!
How sweet the vows that ne'er deceive,
  And deeds by virtue crown'd!

How sweet to sit beneath a tree
  In some delightful grove!
But, oh! more soft, more sweet to me
  The voice of her I love!

Whene'er she joins the village train,
  To hail the new-born day,
Mellifluous notes compose each strain,
  Which zephyrs waft away.
The frowns of fate I'd calmly bear,
  In humble sphere to move,
Content and bless'd whene'er I hear
  The voice of her I love.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

O'er Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppress'd,
Britannia mourn'd her hero, now at rest,
But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with years,
Whose leaves are water'd by a nation's tears.

'Twas in Trafalgar's bay,
We saw the Frenchmen lay,
  Each heart was bounding then:
We scorn'd the foreign yoke,
Our ships were British oak,
  Hearts of oak our men.
Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
  Nor thought of home or beauty;
Along the line this signal ran,
"England expects that every man
This day will do his duty."

And now the cannons roar
Along th' affrighted shore,
  Our Nelson led the way,
His ship the Victory named;
Long be that victory famed!
  For victory crown'd the day.

But dearly was that conquest bought.
Too well the gallant hero fought
For England, home, and beauty;
He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,
"England expects that every man
This day will do his duty."

At last the fatal wound,
Which spread dismay around,
The hero's breast received:
"Heaven fights on our side,
The day's our own," he cried;
"Now, long enough I've lived!
In honour's cause my life was pass'd
In honour's cause I fall at last,
For England, home, and beauty!"
Thus ending life as he began,
England confess'd that every man
That day had done his duty. ARNOLD.

OH! THOU WERT BORN.

Oh! thou wert born to please me,
My life, my only love;
Through all the world I'll praise thee,
My shepherd of the grove.

Thus happy, never jealous,
Dear idol of my heart,
Can any harm assail us,
My life, my only love!

Feel how my heart is beating,
My rural queen of love;
My pulse of life retreating,
Our bliss shall constant prove.

Thus love, sweet poison, drinking,
  Dear idol of my heart,
While on thy bosom sinking,
  My life, my only love.

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
  I ne'er could injure you;
For, though your tongue no promise claim'd,
  Your charms would make me true.
To you no soul shall bear deceit,
  No stranger offer wrong;
But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
  And lovers in the young.

But, when they learn that you have bless'd
  Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passions rest,
  And act a brother's part.
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
  Nor fear to suffer wrong;
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
  And lovers in the young.

SHERIDAN.

FROM NIGHT TILL MORN.

From night till morn I take my glass,
  In hopes to forget my Chloe;
But, as I take the pleasing draught,
  She's ne'ertheless before me
Ah! no, no, no, as I take the pleasing draught,
Wine cannot cure the pain I endure for my Chloe.

To wine I flew to ease the pain
  Her beauteous charms created;
But wine more firmly bound the chain,
  And love would not be cheated.
  Ah! no, no, no, &c.

THE ANCHOR'S WEIGH'D.

The tear fell gently from her eye,
When last we parted on the shore,
My bosom beat with many a sigh,
To think I ne'er might see her more.
Dear youth, she cried, and canst thou haste away!
My heart will break; a little moment stay.
Alas! I cannot part from thee;
The anchor's weigh'd—farewell, remember me!

Weep not, my love, I trembling said;
Doubt not a constant mind like mine;
I ne'er can meet another maid,
Whose charms can fix a heart like thine.
Go, then, she cried; but let thy constant mind
Oft think of her you leave in tears behind.
Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be:
The anchor's weigh'd—farewell, remember me!

WITH A FANCY SOMEWHAT FLIGHTY.

With a fancy somewhat flighty,
I set sail for Ota-hei-te,
Just at the foggy time of year,
So nothing saw, though off Cape Clear.
Swearing– bawling---boatswain calling,
Hazy weather---foul together,
Breezes blowing---ten knots going,
Tempests roaring---high tops lowering,
Ducklings quacking---timbers cracking,
Lubbers preaching---women screeching,
Oh! these are the joys of a sailor's life.

Nought but war and rude commotion
Reign throughout Pacific Ocean;
Back we return with venturous scope,
To anchor safe at Cape Good Hope.

Voyage over—land at Dover,
Claret quaffing—joking, laughing,
Carriage rolling, voting, polling,
Forward pressing—me caressing,
Court invited—to be knighted,
Swearing—bawling, &c.
Such are the joys of a sailor's return.

MARY, DEAR MARY!

Mary, dear Mary! list! awake!
And, like the moon, thy slumbers break.
There is not a taper, and scarcely a sound,
To be seen or be heard in the cottages round.
The watchdog is silent, thy father sleeps,
And love, like the breeze, to thy window creeps.
The moonlight seems listening all over the land
To the whispers of angels, of angels like thee.
Oh! lift but a moment the sash with thy hand,
And kiss but that hand to me, my dear Mary!
Kiss but that hand to me.

Hark! do I see thee? yes, 'tis thou,
And now there's thy hand, and I see thee now;
Thou look'st like a rose in a crystal stream,
For thy face, love, is bathed in the moonlight gleam.
And, oh! could my kisses in steam circles rise,
To dip in thy dimples, and spread round thine eyes!
And, oh! to be lost in such a night as this,
In the arms of an angel like thee!
Oh! stay but a moment, a moment of bliss,
And smile but forgiveness to me, my dear Mary,
Smile but forgiveness to me.

Nobody, sweet, can hear our sighs;
For thy voice just comes on the soft air and dies.
Dost thou gaze at the moon? I have gazed as I rove.
Till I thought it had breathed Heaven's blessing on love;

Till I stretch'd out my arms, and my tears have begun,
And nature, and heaven, and thou seem'd but one.
Adieu, my dear Mary, the moon's in the west,
And the leaves shine with tear drops like thee.
So draw in thy charms, and betake thee to rest,
Oh! thou dearer than life to me, my love, Mary!
Thou dearer than life to me.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE ROSE OF THE VALLEY.

The rose of the valley in spring time was gay,
The rose of the valley it wither'd away!
The swains all admired it, its praises repeat,
An emblem of virtue so simple and sweet;
But the blight marr'd the blossom, and soon, well-a-day!
The rose of the valley it wither'd away.

The rose of the valley a truth can impart,
By the rose of the valley I picture my heart;
The sun of content cheer'd the morn of its birth,
By innocence render'd a heaven on earth;
But virtue and peace left the spot, well-a-day!
And the rose of the valley it wither'd away.

MONOPOLY.

Monopoly's now the grand rub,
And from it less harm would ensue,
If those who monopolize grub
Would monopolize appetites too:
And monopoly's like to increase,
For our very good friends, we know where,
Have among 'em monopolized peace,
And left us to fight for our share.
Tol lol de rol, &c.

The Turks they monopolize wives:
  And by some wicked folks it is said,
That's the reason why Turks all their lives
  Wear each a half-moon on his head;
And we know, though each married man here
  Finds one wife enough for his share,
And beef's so confoundedly dear,
  There's cattle enough at Horn Fair.

Yet candour might surely excuse
  Of monopolists some sorry elves;
For doctors would be of great use,
  If they'd take all the physic themselves
Of lawyers, why much one can't say,
  Their practice I would not condemn;
But some people, think, by the way,
  Old Nick will monopolize them.

Monopoly thrives every way,
  The assertion will stand by the test;
For truth always carries the day,
  And we all know the naked truth's best.
That's the reason our ladies, forsooth,
  Captivate both the bashful and bluff,
And they're surely the semblance of truth,
  For, ecod, they go naked enough.

May the rich ease the poor of their cares,
  'Twould the sweetest monopoly bring;
They'd gain all their hearts and their prayers,
  Like his honour, our father, the King.
May Britons each other befriend;
  For unity's England's best hope:
And may every monopolist's end
  Be join'd to the end of a rope!

THE GHOST OF A SCRAG OF MUTTON

A SCHOLAR one time, though I can't tell you when,
Nor can I tell where too, just now;
And he learn'd—why, I can't tell you what; ay, and then
He lived—O! I can't tell you how:
He lodged by an inn, in the street I'm not right,
And the sign it don't matter a button;
But this inn it was haunted, at twelve every night,
By the ghost of a grim scrag of mutton!
O! la, fal de ral, &c.

The landlord was in a most terrible fright,
He'd no peace by night or by day;
So he sent for this mirror of learning so bright,
To see if the ghost he could lay.
Says the scholar, "I can, for at magic I dash,
Nor e'en for old Nick care a button;
So don't be in a stew, for I'll settle the hash
Of this ghost of a grim scrag of mutton."

He made a great fire, and he put on the pot,
With turnips, thyme, parsley, and leeks;
The clock it struck twelve, as the water grew hot,
And the casement upon its hinge creaks.
The moment was awful—a terrible job!
When, with a long neck like a glutton,
And a grim monstrous ghastly, popp'd in the queer nob
Of the ghost of a grim scrag of mutton.

Says the scholar, "You're welcome, some mutton I want
For my broth, ere the pot it boils faster,
So prithee come in:" said the mutton, "I shan't,
For I'm certainly meat for your master."
Then the scholar he caught up a fork in great wrath,
Stuck it under his rib like a glutton;
Soused him into the boiler, and finish'd his broth
With the ghost of a grim scrag of mutton.

The story thus finish'd, the moral sha'nt lag:—
The landlord, who'd such little heart,
Not the only one he who's been scared by a scrag,
For a scrag's but a small Bony-part.
So the Emperor Scrag in fear Europe has got,
Though John Bull don't mind him a button;
For Johnny's the scholar who'll send him to pot,
Like the ghost of the grim scrag of mutton.

THE TOPSAILS SHIVER IN THE WIND.

The topsails shiver in the wind,
The ship she casts to sea;
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee;
For, though thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landmen flatter when we've sail'd,
O! doubt their artful tales;
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If love breathed constant gales.
Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,
More fell than rocks or waves;
But such as grace the British fleet
Are lovers and not slaves.
No foes our courage shall subdue,
Although we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares; but, if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The power of France and Spain.
Now Britain's glory rests with you,
Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu!

FAIR AURORA, PRITHEE STAY.

Fair Aurora, prithee, stay;
O! retard unwelcome day;
Think what anguish rends my breast,
Thus caressing, thus caress'd,
From the idol of my heart
Forced at thy approach to part.

OH! THE DAYS ARE GONE.

Oh! the days are gone when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove,
When my dream of life from morn till night
Was love, still love,
New joys may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer gleam;
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.
Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And at every pause she blush'd to hear
The one loved name.

Oh! that hallow'd hour is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odour fled,
As soon as shed,
'Twas morning's winged dream:
'Twas a light that ne'er shall shine again
On life's dull stream:
Oh! 'twas a light that ne'er shall shine again
On life's dull stream. T. MOORE.

IS THERE A HEART THAT NEVER LOVED?

Is there a heart that never loved,
Nor felt soft woman's sigh?
Is there a man can mark unmoved
Dear woman's tearful eye?
Oh! bear him to some distant shore,
Or solitary cell,
Where nought but savage monsters roar,
Where love ne'er deign'd to dwell.

For there's a charm in woman's eye,
A language in her tear,
A spell in every sacred sigh,
To love—to virtue dear:
And he who can resist her smiles
With brutes alone should live,
Nor taste that joy which care beguiles—
That joy her virtues give.

LOVE AND WHISKEY.

Love and whiskey both
Rejoice an honest fellow;
Unripe joys of life,
Love and whiskey mellow,

Both the head and heart
  Set in palpitation;
From both I've often found
  A mighty sweet sensation.
Love and whiskey's joys,
  Let us gaily twist 'em;
In the thread of life,
  Faith, we can't resist 'em.

But love's jealous pang,
  In heartach oft we find it;
Whiskey, in its turn,
  A headach leaves behind it.
Thus of love or drink
  We curse the enchanted cup, sir,
All its charms forswear,
  Then take another sup, sir.
    Love and whiskey, &c.

Love and whiskey can
  To any thing persuade us;
No other power we fear
  That ever can invade us.
Should others dare intrude,
  They'll find our lads so frisky
By none can be subdued,
  Excepting love and whiskey.
May the smiles of love
  Cheer our lads for ever,
And with whiskey, boys,
  We'll drink, King George for ever!

THE ARETHUSA.

Come, all you jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold;
  Huzza to the Arethusa!

She is a frigate tight and brave
As ever stemm'd the dashing wave:
  Her men are stanch
  To their favourite launch,
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike, we'll all expire
  On board of the Arethusa.

'Twas with the spring-fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruise about,
When four French sail, in show so stout,
  Bore down on the Arethusa.
The famed Belle Poole straight ahead did lie,
The Arethusa seem'd to fly;
  Not a sheet or a tack,
  Or a brace did she slack,
Though the Frenchmen laugh'd, and thought it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men how tough
  On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France;
We with two hundred did advance,
  On board of the Arethusa.
Our captain hail'd the Frenchmen, ho!
The Frenchmen they cried out, hallo!
  Bear down, d'ye see,
  To our admiral's lee.
No, no, says the Frenchmen, that can't be:
Then I must lug you along with me,
  Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchmen's land,
We forced them back upon their strand;
For we fought till not a stick would stand
  Of the gallant Arethusa.
And, now we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more,

Let each fill a glass
To his favourite lass!
A health to our captain and officers true,
And all that belongs to the jovial crew
On board of the Arethusa.

PRINCE HOARE.

I HAVE PARKS, I HAVE GROUNDS.

I HAVE parks, I have grounds,
I have deer, I havs hounds,
And for sporting a neat little cottage;
I have youth, I have wealth,
I have strength, I have health,
Yet I mope like a beau in his dotage.
What can I want!—'Tis the girl of my heart,
To share those treasures with me:
For had I the wealth which the Indies impart,
No pleasure would it give me,
Without the lovely girl of my heart,
The sweet lovely girl of my heart.

My domain far extends,
And sustains social friends,
Who make music divinely enchanting;
We have balls, we have plays,
We have routes, public days;
And yet still I find something is wanting.
What should it be but the girl of my heart,
To share those treasures with me?
For had I the wealth which the Indies impart,
No pleasure would it give me,
Without the lovely girl of my heart,
The sweet lovely girl of my heart:
For what is the wealth which the Indies impart,
Compared to the girl of my heart?
Then give me the girl of my heart.

A WILLOW IT WEPT.

A WILLOW it wept o'er a purling stream,
And there lay a lady fair;
Her eyes were closed and disturb'd her dream,
She sigh'd, and she murmur'd Beware!
A little bird perch'd on the willow and sung,
And singing he seem'd to say,
Once over her head a fair garland hung,
But it blighted and wither'd away!
Honour lies sleeping,
True love lies weeping,
And the cold wind has faded the flowers of May.

The wind through the willow leaves murmur'd a sigh,
Arose up that lady fair;
Ah! once, she cried, who so happy as I?
But of love and man beware!
No little bird now, but that lady sung,
Alack, and a well-a-day;
He vow'd, and I trusted his flattering tongue,
Love was blighted and wither'd away.
Honour lies sleeping, &c.

T. DIBDIN.

O! SAY NOT WOMAN'S HEART IS BOUGHT.

O! SAY not woman's heart is bought
With vain and empty treasure;
O! say not woman's heart is caught
By every idle pleasure.

When first her gentle bosom knows
Love's flame, it wanders never;
Deep in her heart the passion glows,
She loves, and loves for ever.

O! say not woman's false as fair,
That like the bee she ranges,
Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
As fickle fancy changes:

Ah! no; the love that first can warm
Will leave her bosom never;
No second passion e'er can charm,
She loves and loves for ever.

OH! NO, MY LOVE, NO.

While I hang on your bosom, distracted to lose you,
High swells my sad heart, and fast my tears flow:
Yet think not of coldness they fall to accuse you;
Did I ever upbraid you? Oh! no, my love, no.
I own it would please me, at home would you tarry,
Nor e'er feel a wish from Maria to go;
But, if it gives pleasure to you, my dear Harry,
Shall I blame your departure? Oh! no, my love, no.

Now, do not, dear Hal, while abroad you are straying,
That heart, which is mine, on a rival bestow:
Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure betraying;
Do you think I suspect you? Oh! no, my love, no.
I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve me,
Or plant in a heart which adores you such woe;
Yet, should you dishonour my truth, and deceive me,
Should I e'er cease to love you? Oh! no, my love, no!

TOGETHER LET US RANGE.

Together let us range the fields,
Impearl'd with morning dew;
Or view the fruits the vineyard yields,
Or the apples' clustering bough.
There, in close embower'd shades,
Impervous to the noontide ray,
By tinkling rills on rosy beds,
We'll love the sultry hours away.

DUDLEY

MARIAN'S MY LILY.

When first I saw Flora, so sprightly and blooming,
  She enamour'd my fancy, devoid of all art:
Then Marian the gentle, soft, sweet, unassuming
  Appear'd, and with Flora divided my heart.
My posy of love two sweet flowerets compose,
For Marian's my lily, and Flora's my rose.

How happy with Marian could I be united!
  Yet to part with sweet Flora, ah! could I consent?
And if with her hand my love Flora requited,
  The thoughts of dear Marian might banish content;
My posy of love only wounds my repose;
I pine for the lily, and droop for the rose.

So my mind to declare, still embarrass'd, I tarry,
  How can I ask one, while enamour'd of both?
Then weave me a cypress, for ne'er can I marry;
  For the tongue that would falter must ne'er take the oath.
My posy of love can but anguish disclose;
Adieu to the lily! farewell to the rose!

SONG OF LIBERTY.

Patriots, rise! your country calls you—
  Arm'd with Freedom's sword and shield,
Fearless of what fate befalls you,
  Obey her summons—to the field:
  To fight, to fall, but not to yield.
Hark! the trumpet sounds to strife—
  Hark! the war-horns' echoes swell.
Liberty, arise to life!
  Tyrants, tremble at your knell.

See around her banners swarming,
  Marshall'd by the murmuring drum;
What collected numbers arming,
  Thick as ocean billows come:
A mighty tide of valour forming,
  With hearts of fire, with crests of foam,
Impetuous course---they come, they come,
To sweep usurpers from their throne.

COULD I HER FAULTS REMEMBER.

Could I her faults remember,
  Forgetting every charm;
Soon wrong'd impartial reason
  The tyrant love disarm.

But when, enraged, I number
  Each failing of her mind,
Love still suggests each beauty,
  And sees, while reason's blind.

SHERIDAN.

THE SUMMER HEATS, BESTOWING.

The summer heats, bestowing
  Their influence on the rose,
Perfect its charms while blowing,
  And every charm disclose.
Yet, summer suns, denying
  The zephyr and the shower,
Their fervid glow applying,
  Destroy their favourite flower.

To lovesick hearts requiring
  The sunshine of success,
Continual bliss desiring,
  Yet sickens with success.

The fond, the secret tear
  Soft passion keeps alive;
The breath of doubt, of fear,
Like zephyrs bid it thrive.
  The summer heats, &c.

BLITHE AS THE HOURS OF MAY

Blithe as the hours of May
  Were those I now deplore,
When first I own'd love's gentle sway;
  They will return no more.
Every fond hope is lost,
  No comfort can they bring;
Winter's untimely frost,
  Chilling, destroy'd the infant spring.

SEDGWICK.

I NE'ER COULD ANY LUSTRE SEE

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip;
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose untouch'd by art?
I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure,
I must press it to be sure;
Nor can I be certain then,
Till it, grateful, press again;
Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom's sigh?
I will do so when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

SHERIDAN.

THE EXILE.

Ah! when shall I again be near
Whate'er in life to me is dear?
My peaceful cot
(Once happy lot,)
With hills and dales,
Where health prevails;
And streams that flow so bright and clear
Ah! when again shall I be near
Whate'er in life to me is dear?
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
Flocks, fields of grain,
And lovely Jane,
With whom I plighted vows sincere.
Ah! when shall I again be near
Whate'er to me in life is dear?

WHEN STORMS DISTURB.

When storms disturb old Ocean's bed,
And angry waves in tumults rise,
The billow lifts its curling head,
And bears the vessel to the skies.

The sailor on the giddy mast
Beholds one dreary waste of foam;
Towards land his tearful eye is cast,
And all his thoughts are fix'd on home.

At last he marks the lighthouse near,
The herald of his native shore;
Then sings some song to Nancy dear,
And chants the ditty o'er and o'er.

So, to the traveller's heart, who strays
Benighted in some tangled dell,
Sounds sweeter than the softest lays
The village clock or shepherd's bell.

OH! MEMORY, TORTURE ME NO MORE.

Oh! memory, torture me no more,
The present's all o'ercast;
My hopes of future joys are o'er,
In mercy veil the past.

Why bring those images to view
I must henceforth resign?
Ah! why those happy scenes renew
That can no more be mine?

Past pleasure doubles present pain,
To sorrow adds regret;
Regret and hope alike are vain,
I ask but to forget.

LADY TUITE.

AH! WHY DID I GATHER.

Ah! why did I gather this delicate flower?
Why pluck the young bud from the tree?
'Twould there have bloom'd lovely for many an hour,
And how soon will it perish with me!
Already its beautiful texture decays,
Already it fades on my sight;
'Tis thus that chill rancour too often o'erpowers
The moments of transient delight.

When eagerly pressing enjoyment too near,
Its blossoms we gather in haste;
How oft thus we mourn with a penitent tear
O'er the joys which we lavish'd in waste!
This elegant flower, had I left it at rest,
Might still have delighted my eyes;
But, pluck'd prematurely, and placed in my breast,
It languishes, withers, and dies.

WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER?

WILL you come to the bower I have shaded for you;
Your bed shall be roses, bespangled with dew.
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Come to the bower?

There, under the bower, on soft roses you'll lie,
With a blush on your cheek, but a smile in your eye.
Will you, will you, &c.
Smile, my love?

But the roses we press shall not rival your lip,
Nor the dew be so sweet as the kisses we'll sip.
Will you, will you, &c.
Kiss me, my love?

And, oh! for the joys that are sweeter than dew
From languishing roses, or kisses from you.
Will you, will you, &c.
Won't you, my love? T. MOORE

I'LL COME TO THE BOWER.

WILL you promise with roses no thorns there shall be?
And I'll come to the bower you have shaded for me.
Will you, will you come to the bower?

As under the bower on soft roses we lie,
With a blush on each cheek, and a love-laughing eye.
Will you, will you, &c.
Say, my beloved.

From the roses we'll press what joys will be found,
Whose kisses so sweet shed their fragrance around?
Will you, will you, &c.
I'll kiss you, my love.

But show me the ring, more sweeter than dew
From the faltering roses, or kisses from you.
Will you, will you, &c.
Can you, my love?

O'ER THE BRAKE.

O'ER the brake or o'er the mountain,
Near the rill or near the fountain,
All my hopes are fix'd on thee:
At the wake or at the fair,
If Henry do not meet me there,
What care I for aught I see?

What care I for heaps of treasure?
What on earth affords the pleasure
That one moment gives with thee?
In my love all pleasure's found,
And in his smile all joys abound;
He is all the world to me.

HER MOUTH, WHICH A SMILE.

HER mouth, which a smile,
Devoid of all guile,
Half opens to view,
Is the bud of the rose,
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.
More fragrant her breath
Than the flower-scented heath,
At the dawning of day,
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lily's perfume,
Or the blossoms of May.

THE DEATH OF ABERCROMBIE.

'TWAS on the spot, in ancient lore oft named,
When Iris and Osiris once held sway
O'er kings who sleep in pyrimidic pride;
But now for British valour far more famed,
Since Nelson's band achieved a glorious day,
And, crown'd with laurel, Abercrombie died.

Her roseat colours the dawn had not shed
O'er the field which stern slaughter had tinted too red.
'Twas dark—save each flash at the cannon's hoarse sound,
When the brave Abercrombie received his death-wound:
His comrades with grief unaffected deplore,
Though to Britain's renown he gave one laurel more.

With a mind unsubdued, still the foe he defied,
On the steed which the hero of Acre supplied,
Till, feeling he soon to fate's summons must yield,
He gave Sidney the sword he no longer could wield:
His comrades with grief unaffected deplore,
Though to Britain's renown he gave one laurel more.

The standard of Albion, with victory crown'd,
Waved over his head as he sank to the ground:
Take me hence, my brave comrades, the veteran did cry;
My duty's complete, and contented I die.

T. DIBDIN.

WHERE'S THE ROSY SMILE?

Where's the rosy smile you gave me,
When I thought we ne'er should sever?
Oh! it beam'd but to enslave me,
Now 'tis gone and gone for ever.
Where's the glance that sweetly glisten'd
Through the dewy tear of pleasure?
Where's the song to which I listen'd,
When you were my treasure?
Where's the blushing crown you wreathed me,
Lost in passion's gentle dreaming?
Where's the melting vow you breathed me,
From that lip with rapture teeming?

Like your love, the rose hath faded,
All its fragrant power is over;
Sorrow's blight the leaf invaded,
Emblem of your lover. T. MOORE

THE THORN.

From the white-blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe re
A sprig, her fair breast to adorn. [quested
No, by heavens! I exclaim'd, may I perish, if ever
I plant in that bosom a thorn.

When I show'd her a ring, and implored her to marry,
She blush'd like the dawning of morn:
Yes, I'll consent, she replied, if you'll promise
That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.
No, by heavens! I exclaimed, may I perish, if ever
I plant in that bosom a thorn.

HOW SWEET IN THE WOODLANDS.

How sweet in the woodlands, with fleet hound and
horn,
To waken shrill echo and taste the fresh morn!
But hard is the chase my fond heart must pursue,
For Daphne, fair Daphne is lost to my view!

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,
More wild than the roebuck, and wing'd with dis
In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies: [dain
Though Daphne's pursued, 'tis Myrtillo that dies.
HARRINGTON.

THOUGH YOUR CHEEKS ARE RED.

Though your cheeks are red as the roses in summer
And sweet as the blossoms of May,
Yet believe me that scorn is of love the benumber,
And chases him quickly away.

For love, though so ardent on gossamer pinions,
Still faster than minutes he flies,
And, though he would make your bright lips his dominions,
He shrinks from the glance of your eyes.

What avail, then, your beauties, so brilliant and shining,
Than Hebe more tempting and young?
What avail all the claims that are constantly twining,
When the link is by you still unstrung?
For love, though so ardent, &c.

THE MAID OF MARLIVALE.

Where is the nymph whose azure eye
Can shine through rapture's tear?
The sun has sunk, the moon is high,
And yet she comes not here.

Was that her footstep on the hill,
Her voice upon the gale?
No! 'twas the wind, and all is still,
Oh! Maid of Marlivale.

Come to me, love; I've wander'd far,
'Tis past the promised hour;
Come to me, love; the twilight star
Shall guide thee to my bow'r.

T. MOORE.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from my soul doth rise
  Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
  I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
  Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope, that, there,
  It would not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
  And sent it back to me:
Since then, it grows, and looks and smells,
  Not of itself, but thee.

TASTE, OH! TASTE THIS SPICY WINE.

Taste, oh! taste this spicy wine,
  Drain the sparkling cup, I pray;
Does your heart in sadness pine?
  Drink, and sadness clears away.

Now may nimble troops of pleasure
  Seal your hours in morrice light;
Deck the day with fancy's treasure,
  Bless your dreams, and crown the night.

I'LL LOVE THEE NIGHT AND DAY.

Be mine, dear maid; this faithful heart
  Can never prove untrue;
'Twere easier far from life to part
  Than cease to live for you.
Then turn thee not away, my love;
  Oh! turn thee not away, my love;
For, by the light of truth, I swear
  To love thee night and day, love.

The lark shall first forget to sing,
When morn unfolds the east,
Ere I by change or coldness wring
Thy fond confiding breast.
Then turn thee not, &c.

TERRY.

MAD TOM.

I'M old mad Tom, behold me,
My wits are quite unframed;
I'm mad, I'm sure, and past all cure,
And in hopes of being proclaim'd.

I'll mount the frosty mountains,
And there I'll skin the weather;
I'll pluck the rainbow from the sky,
And I'll splice both ends together.

I'll mount the pride of marble,
And there I'll fight the gipsies;
And I'll play at bowls with sun and moon,
And win them with eclipses.

I 'prentice was to Vulcan,
And served my master faithful,
In making tools for jovial fools;
But, ye gods, ye proved unfaithful.

The stars pluck'd from their orbs too,
I'll put them in my budget;
And if I'm not a roaring boy,
Then let the nation judge it.

THE LAST GUINEA.

IN an old leather purse a true friend I have got.
And of all friends the best is of any;
By Providence surely it fell to my lot,
A sight worth beholding by many:

'Tis the balm of distress and the joy of my life,
And he that don't prize it's a ninny:
In point of philosophy, next to my wife,
A blessing attend my last guinea.

Jack Junk, an old shipmate, arrived from on board,
With a hatful of those pretty shiners;
You'd have sworn, if you had but have seen his great hoard,
He belong'd to a party of coiners.
But in Wapping the lubber got eased of his cash,
Nay, the landlady call'd Jack a ninny;
Not up to their gossip, he cut such a dash,
That with 'em he shared his last guinea.

Misfortune, we all know, attends on the brave;
Jack knew I was generous to folly,
And, friendship to try, my assistance did crave;
For, if matters went crooked, he always was jolly
Says he, then says I, d'ye see that as how
A tight lad on shore ne'er was reckon'd a ninny;
So, like a sheer hulk, took the lubber in tow,
And with him I shared my last guinea.

HARK! THE BONNY CHRISTCHURCH BELLS.

Hark! the bonny Christchurch bells,
One, two, three, four, five, six.
They sound so woundy great,
So wondrous sweet,
And they troul so merrily, merrily.
Hark! the first and second bell,
That, every day at four and ten,
Cries, come to prayers;
And the verger troops before the Dean.
Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the small bell at nine,
To call the bearers home;
But the devil a man
Will leave his can
Till he hears the mighty Tom.

YOUNG LUBIN LOVED.

Young Lubin loved the fair Lisette,
And tapping at her window came;
The sun had barely risen yet—
She peep'd, and cried, "O! fie for shame!"
"Sweet maid," says he, "'tis smiling May,
Come, let us rove."—"Indeed," said she,
"So soon—what will the neighbours say?
Fi donc! fi donc! Ah! mon ami!"

Still Lubin soft persuasion tried,
And fair Lisette at last, content,
Forgot the neighbours, ceased to chide,
Stole out, and with him Maying went;
And oft a stolen kiss he caught:
Lisette no doubt displeased would be,
Yet only said, whate'er she thought,
"*Fi donc! fi donc! Ah! mon ami!*"

He talk'd of love, "Come, let's away,"
She cried, yet loiter'd—silly thing;
He press'd her, too, to fix the day,
And on her finger placed a ring.
She started, blush'd, and hung her head,
Yet very angry tried to be:
But only sigh'd and softly said,
"*Fi donc! fi donc! Ah! mon ami!*"

THE END.

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